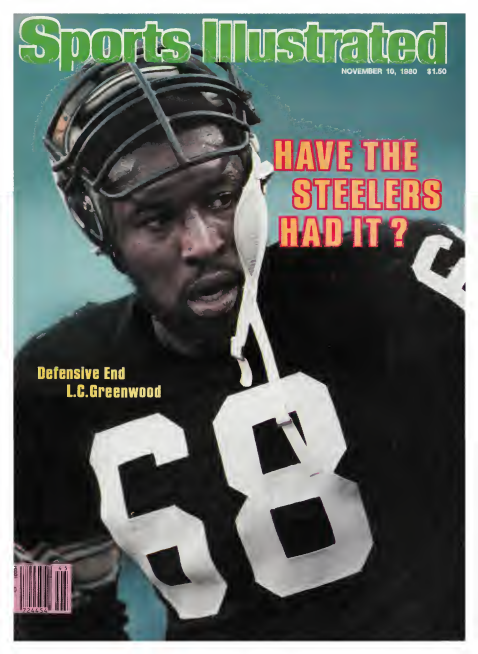


Sports Illustrated



NOVEMBER 10, 1980 \$1.50

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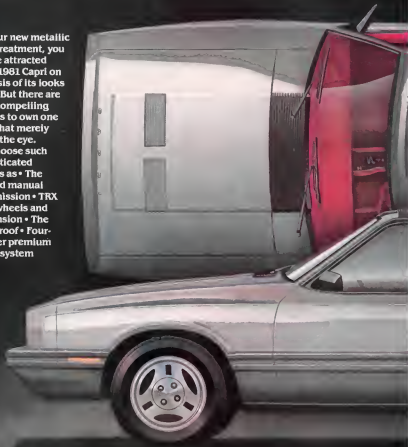
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As a result, judgments, settlements and legal costs in liability cases have increased dramatically. Businesses are faced with uncertainty in trying to gauge the extent of their exposure to lawsuit. When these factors outweigh the benefits of making a product, that product will leave the marketplace.

That's what happened to the manufacturer of the helmet on the right. He stopped production of helmets until, as he says, the legal climate changes in the United States. It has happened also to some makers of vaccines, plastic products and machines. Right now, the chemical and pharmaceutical industries are deeply concerned about the potential financial impact of recent court decisions.

As a major group of property and casualty insurance companies, we, too, are concerned about this problem. Our companies provide insurance designed to protect business from financial loss resulting from a lawsuit. This protection normally encourages business to remain in the marketplace. It enables manufacturers to develop new products, to provide more jobs and generally to contribute to our economy.

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by JIM KAPLAN

WHAT'S IN A NAME? TO CORPORATIONS THAT PROMOTE SPORTS, A GREAT DEAL

In June 1973, when Secretariat became the first Triple Crown winner in 25 years, the public was clamoring to see the colt compete as often as possible. Secretariat's schedule was of particular interest to a Philip Morris executive named Jack Landry, a racing buff who had worked at Saratoga as a kid. Landry felt Secretariat could easily handle a race during the six-week break between the Travers and Woodward stakes. No such event existed, but Landry had an idea for one. He suggested to Secretariat's owner, Penny Tweedy, and New York Racing Association President Jack Krumpke, that Philip Morris' Marlboro cigarettes sponsor a match race between Secretariat and his stablemate, Riva Ridge, the event to be called the Marlboro Cup.

Landry's idea was mildly revolutionary. Sponsors such as Virginia Slims and Kemper Insurance were already involved in sports, but no corporation had ever created a major horse race in North America. Such sponsorship wasn't what bothered Tweedy and Krumpke. European corporations had subsidized races for years, and Tweedy and Krumpke found nothing wrong with that practice. What they objected to was a race between stablemates. So, rather than accept Landry's idea as presented, they expanded it. The first Marlboro Cup, held on Sept. 15, 1973, featured seven of the best horses in North America.

It was a good race—and a good promotion. Secretariat beat Riva Ridge by 3½ lengths and set a world dirt record of 1:45½ for the mile and 5/16. It is a mark that still stands. And the sponsor? Well, ever since a 1971 Congressional ban had knocked cigarette ads off the air, Philip Morris, which had been spending close to \$45 million a year on TV and radio advertising, was casting about for alternative means to promote its products. By putting up a \$200,000 purse and spending \$250,000 to hype the first Marlboro Cup, Philip Morris got on the racing calendar for peanuts. Seven years later, company publicists call the Marlboro Cup "a tradition in racing."

Corporate involvement in sport has grown considerably since 1973. Today, corporations sponsor many of the tournaments on the pro golf, tennis, bowling and racquetball tours, as well as innumerable amateur events. Bjorn Borg makes more money from endorsements than from purses. TV and its advertisers often have the power to create and destroy sports events, and their influence is being felt at every level of sport.

This presents a question: Is it news or free advertising for the press to credit a sponsor that attaches its name to an event? If a tennis or golf tournament calls itself the Lute Beer Open or the Pepsi Classic, for instance, should sports writers identify it by name?

The main argument in favor of doing so is that commercialism is a fact of life; to mention sponsors is not to advertise them but to acknowledge reality. If sponsors didn't bankroll events, say the corporate casemakers, sports would die. Newspapers sponsor and cover their own tournaments and games, the argument continues, so how can the papers omit sponsors' names from coverage of other events? A final point often made is this: because all sports reporting involves free advertising of a sort, it's inconsistent to leave out sponsors. To be absolutely consistent, reporters would have to write such sentences as, "A team from Boston played a team from New York in a sport using bats and balls." (This argument reduces the debate to an absurdity. It's necessary to report that the Red Sox and Yankees played baseball but irrelevant to the coverage of sport to mention that Lute Beer sponsored a tennis tournament.)

"If you don't consistently mention sponsors, you get the media using varied names to identify a tournament," says Ray Volpe, commissioner of the LPGA. "On May 18 we sampled 50 newspaper reports of the same tournament and found them using all kinds of names: a \$125,000 LPGA event, a \$125,000 women's tournament, the \$125,000 Women's Coca-Cola Classic. That's inconsistent, inaccurate and inconvenient for readers."

"The biggest argument against mentioning sponsors is free advertising. My point of view is that if a sponsor puts up \$500,000 in prizes, tournament costs and commitments to the charities and gets no mention as the lead of a story, it's the most expensive form of free advertising in the history of Madison Avenue. Look, tournaments primarily benefit charities. Why do corporations get involved? For publicity and trade relations, sure, but mostly for community goodwill."

Of course, goodwill often translates into increased profits, when it doesn't, sponsors are only too quick to drop tournaments. That reality lies at the heart of the antipponsor argument. "Companies are buying events for promotional purposes," says Jay Warner, a sportswriter for Newsday. "It's unprofessional of us to promote their products." It misses the point, say such critics, to argue that papers must recognize other sponsored tournaments because they publicize their own; the point is that simultaneously sponsoring and covering tournaments constitutes a conflict of interest and papers should simply stop being promoters. As for the argument that sports would die without corporate sponsors—well, it's the responsibility of the press to report on sports, not sustain them.

In spite of these arguments, the corporate

side is gaining. Rare is the journal that doesn't mention sponsors in at least some of its reporting (SPORTS ILLUSTRATED has no firm policy), and TV is so complacent that, Congressional ban or not, it now identifies the Marlboro Cup by name (broadcasters previously called it "The Cup"). At last June's Associated Press Sports Editors Convention in Washington, D.C., the debate was not whether to mention sponsors but where they should be identified in stories. Half the editors voted for including the sponsor's name with the first mention of a tournament title, the others for the AP policy of sponsor identification in a self-contained paragraph lower down. The reason for the split, however, was that many an editor thought he was being asked to state his paper's policy, not his personal preference. When the matter came before the 12-member AP sport editors' executive committee, it voted unanimously to recommend a first-mention policy in its report to an AP managing editors' committee. Thirty M.E.s subsequently met and voted to adopt the proposal as official policy.

But the subject isn't closed. The sports editors agreed to study the question of "taste" in sponsor identification. For instance, members of the all-male executive committee frowned on crediting StayFree masts. There was general agreement that headline-clogging titles should be used in a shorter form: the Collgate-Dinah Shore Winners Circle golf tournament, for example, should be simply called the Dinah Shore. In an attempt to accommodate this thinking, the LPGA recently changed the tournament's name to the Colgate-Dinah Shore. And any corporation that begins sponsoring a long-standing event and dares to rename it—say, the Avon Kentucky Derby—is certain to meet with resistance.

Nonetheless, those arbiters of taste, The New York Times and The Washington Post, forge ahead with their new policy of total corporate recognition. "I think it's presumptuous of us to tell the people who run tournaments what to call them," says George Solomon, assistant managing editor/sports of the Post. "If the people who run the Derby decide to call it the Avon Kentucky Derby, who are we to tell them not to?" Adds Le Anne Schreiber, who ran the Times sports section until a few weeks ago, "If you edit out the name of a corporation, you give a false impression. Sponsors legally buy the right to have their name in the title."

But these arguments ignore a newspaper's editing responsibility. If a title is cumbersome or irrelevant, readers aren't served by having to look at it. Nor is the press obliged to use a legal name. The official title of the National League, for instance, is the National League of Professional Baseball Clubs. And, yes, free advertising is just that. Ray Volpe's case notwithstanding, it's pretty certain most readers couldn't care less if they read euphemisms instead of precise tournament titles.

END



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BOOKTALK

by JONATHAN YARDLEY

**ALTHOUGH GRAND IN SCOPE, THIS NEW
BIO OF BOBBY JONES IS, ALAS, SUBPAR**

Dick Miller's *Triumphant Journey* (Bolt, Rinehart and Winston, \$13.95) is described in the dust-jacket copy as "the first full biography of Bobby Jones...." To accept that claim, you have to accept a fairly loose definition of "full biography."

Miller gives us plenty of detail about the rounds of golf Jones played—especially those that won him the Grand Slam in 1930—but he doesn't tell us much about Jones himself. His is an earnest biography, but a limited one.

The same can be said of virtually all sports biographies. In part that's because few athletes are as interesting as private individuals as they are as public performers. But in larger part it's because biographers of athletes more often than not fall into the trap of emphasizing play-by-play accounts while minimizing the more complex, vexing task of delving into their subjects' characters and personalities.

Only two American sports biographies avoid this pitfall. Interestingly, both are, like *Triumphant Journey*, about figures from the so-called "Golden Age" of sports, the '20s. Robert Creamer's *Babe* succeeds in bringing to life a larger-than-life ripsnorter and fixing him securely in his proper place in American legend. Frank Deford's *Big Bill Tilden* succeeds because of its sensitive, discreet examination of Tilden's homosexuality, which caused Tilden such guilt and pain throughout his adult years. (This may sound biased, because both authors are on the staff of *SL*. It is not. The books stand confidently on their own merits.)

Judging from the evidence that Miller too tentatively presents, the life of Bobby Jones contains more than enough material for a biography of comparable stature. Not merely was Jones a great golfer, arguably the greatest the game has known, but he also was a man of uncommon intelligence and graciousness. He overcame serious childhood ailments to reach his unique position in the history of sports. He spent the final two decades of his life courageously fighting a rare, debilitating spinal disease.

He was a complicated man about whom Miller has written a lamentably simple book. Miller admires Jones, which certainly is understandable, but he is too protective of him, too reluctant to probe any distance beneath the surface.

The bare facts of Jones' life are familiar.

He was born in 1902 into a prosperous, prominent Georgia family. He took up golf as a very young boy—he was too frail for baseball—and by his 15th birthday had a growing national reputation. In eight years, from 1921 through 1930, playing as an amateur, he won 13 national championships. The climax of his career was his sweep, in 1930, of the American and British amateur and open titles, a feat that has never been matched. He reigned from competition after winning the Slam, but he remained close to the game. In 1931 he helped found the Augusta National Golf Club and three years later established the Masters there. He died in 1972.

Miller has chosen to make the Grand Slam the focus of his book. The decision is sensible—a serious biography needs to be built around one or more themes or central occurrences—but the execution is unsatisfactory. For one thing, there's simply too much shot-by-shot recapitulation. For another, the flashbacks to tournaments and other events that happened before 1930 are handled awkwardly and sometimes confusingly.

Moreover, Miller never succeeds in conveying what made Jones a great golfer. To point out that he had strong legs, intense determination and fierce pride just isn't enough. The same could be said of countless other golfers. Miller notes that Jones had a bad temper, a tendency to lose his concentration if he got a big lead and a sharp distaste for the adulation of his galleries, but he doesn't explore these revelations as deeply as he might.

Miller is equally reticent about Jones' private life. His marriage seems to have been a happy one, yet there are hints that he and his wife had little in common. He ignored his children when they were small but became more attentive as they grew older. He practiced law in Atlanta for years, but we are told almost nothing about what kind of practice it was or whether Jones was, in fact, a good lawyer. Miller describes Jones' illness thoroughly, yet we really get little sense of what life was like for Jones between his retirement from golf in 1930 and his death 42 years later. Clearly, he was one athlete for whom life did not end after his playing days.

Jones, who was educated at Georgia Tech and Harvard, was an admirable prose stylist. The few examples of his writing cited by Miller suggest that a new edition of Jones' articles on golf would be a valuable addition to the literature of the sport. Miller, though he knows good prose when he sees it, cannot always write it himself.

On Miller's behalf, it should be said that Jones may have been too private a person for any biographer to cope with. The trouble with *Triumphant Journey* is that Miller just hasn't made enough of an effort to pin Jones down. Miller is polite and deferential, which is all well and good, but good manners don't make good biography. **END**



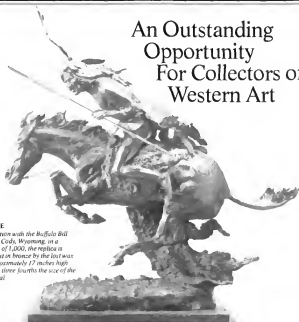
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SCORECARD

Edited by JERRY KIRSHENBAUM

IRON MAN OUT IN THE COLD

Utah Jazz Guard Ron Boone played his 1,000th consecutive game Friday night, the longest iron-man streak in pro basketball history. The 34-year-old Boone was honored at halftime of the 144-122 win over Dallas—he started and scored five points—with a ceremony that included tributes from just about everybody in the NBA but, curiously, not the NBA itself. Boone's achievement was officially ignored by the league because 662 of the games in his streak were played in the ABA. "It's a tremendous feat," said NBA publicist Matt Winick of the streak. "but NBA records can only be set in NBA games."

The ABA expired in 1976 when four of its teams and dozens of its players were absorbed into the older league. The NBA then decided that ABA records wouldn't be officially recognized. Behind the decision to leave ABA stars out in the statistical cold was a feeling in the NBA that the ABA was a soft-touch league whose stats and records would dilute and cheapen the NBA's.

This week Dan Issel of the Denver Nuggets will probably get his 20,000th point, a milestone the NBA won't recognize because 12,823 of them were scored in the ABA. Julius Erving will probably score his 20,000th point later this season, but this achievement won't be acknowledged by the NBA, either. Issel and Erving can comfort themselves with the knowledge they've nevertheless achieved something special, just as Boone consoles himself when he says of his streak, "What is most important to me is I did it. No asterisk or footnote can take that away."

Though Boone appears admirably unbothered by it all, it should be pointed out that there's ample precedent for the NBA to recognize more fully the accomplishments of ABA players. Major league baseball recognizes the statistics of players in the Federal League, the original American Association and other leagues it absorbed over the years. Sim-

ilarly, when the NFL and AFL got together in 1970, the NFL accepted the upstart AFL's stats. What seems painfully obvious is that if the ABA was worth absorbing, so are its records.

ELEMENTARY, MY DEAR WATSON

Detroit Lion Defensive Tackle John Woodcock walked out on the club last week as the result of a contract dispute. The Lions got their first clue that Woodcock was quitting when he failed to show up for scheduled treatment in the training room. They got their second clue when they found his football shoes in a garbage can. Coach Monte Clark later allowed, "I took that as a bad sign."

TALE OF TWO LEAGUES

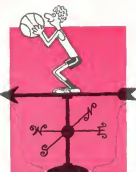
Designated hitters aside, how can you tell baseball's two leagues apart? Easy. The American League is the one whose owners two weeks ago vetoed the proposed sale of the Chicago White Sox to Ohio-based Edward J. DeBartolo Sr., ostensibly because 1) he's an out-of-towner and 2) as a racetrack owner, he's involved in legalized gambling. The National League is the one that was rocked last week when the Houston Astros' principal owner, New York naval architect John J. McMullen, fired General Manager Yal Smith and replaced him with Al Rosen, until four weeks ago the executive vice-president of an Atlantic City casino. That's right, the Astros' out-of-town owner turned the club over to somebody who had been recently and intimately involved in legalized gambling.

There's a further difference between the two leagues. Given the fact that the American League already had owners of its own involved in legalized gambling (the Yankees' George Steinbrenner, for instance, breeds and races thoroughbreds) and no shortage of present or prospective absentee owners (New Yorker James Nederlander and Californian Neil Papiano head a group that agreed only last week to buy the Cleveland Indians), there was speculation some Ameri-

can League owners really objected to DeBartolo for other reasons. Some were even said to be afraid he'd spend a lot of money to make the White Sox more competitive. At any rate, National League owners needn't entertain such thoughts about McMullen. By firing Smith, who deserves much of the credit for building the Astros into a division champion, McMullen was taking a step likely to make his team less competitive.

THE WAGLAWSKI EFFECT

In preparing its press kit for the college basketball season, the NCAA asked a number of players what their superstitions were. The responses were fairly predictable—one player said he wears lucky socks, another covers at the sight of hro-



ken mirrors, that sort of thing—until it came to Mike Waglawski, a forward for Virginia's Christopher Newport College. A Division III school that had a 19-8 record last season, Waglawski, a sub who scored 1.2 points per game, said: "A superstition I have is that I prefer to shoot on baskets facing east-west as opposed to a north-south direction. . . . I believe it's harder to shoot on a north-south basket, because the Coriolis effect reduces the probability of the ball going in."

According to *The International Dictionary of Physics and Electronics*, the Coriolis effect, which was discovered by the 19th-century French mathematician Gaspard Gustave de Coriolis, is an inertial force caused by the earth's rotation that results in any object moving above the earth at a constant speed be-

continued

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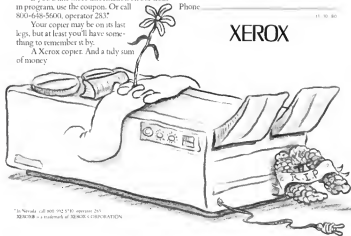
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ing deflected to the right in the Northern Hemisphere and to the left in the Southern Hemisphere. It's a factor that must be taken into account when firing long-range ballistic missiles, but it has a negligible effect on small-arms fire at ground level, in which category basketball shotmaking presumably falls. Nevertheless, in preferring baskets aligned on an east-west axis, Waclawski may have stumbled onto a hitherto unknown physical phenomenon, Missouri, which set an NCAA Division I field-goal shooting percentage record of .572 last season, plays its home games in Hearn Arena, which is indeed laid out along east-west lines. Conversely, Waclawski's own anecdotal stats may just have something to do with the fact that the baskets in his school's Ratcliffe Gym run northeast-southwest—and how's anybody supposed to shoot well on a court as confusing as that?

DIPPING INTO THE POOL

The NFL Players Association released a study last week documenting the paucity of black coaches in the NFL. The study, which was prepared by Dr. Jo Mills Henry Braddock II, a black sociologist at Johns Hopkins University, notes not only that there are no black head coaches in the NFL, but also that the percentage of black assistant coaches declined between 1973 and 1979 from 7% to less than 6%—while the proportion of black players in the league increased from 36% to 50%. What's more, while the NFL has drawn 68 head coaches and 261 assistants from the ranks of former NFL players over the past two decades, only 20 of those coaches, all assistants, have been black.

There are a couple of points worth making about the study. First, the NFL says it would like to hire more black coaches and undoubtedly means it, a fact underscored last year when Commissioner Pete Rozelle directed the league's scouts to be on the lookout not only for black players but also for black coaches. Having said that, it must be added that NFL clubs could do more to find, develop and hire black coaches. It's a cop-out for the league to try to defend its hiring policies, as it did last week in responding to the study, by pointing out that black head football coaches are rare at major colleges, the implication being that this is the pool from which the NFL draws its head coaches. In fact, only sev-

en of the 28 current NFL head coaches ever were college head coaches. But 15 of them are ex-NFL players and as Braddock's study reminds us, there is no shortage of blacks to choose from in that pool.

A FARGE IN THREE ACTS

Time: Thursday night. **Place:** *The Philadelphia Spectrum.*

ACT I: Bobby Clarke of the Philadelphia Flyers collides with New York Ranger rookie Mike Allison and is nicked on the face by Allison's stick. A moment or so later Clarke raises his stick, hooks the blade around Allison's neck and poleaxes him to the ice. Allison is removed on a stretcher. Clarke tells reporters, "I just wanted to flip him because I was teed off. He got me near the eye. . . . I figure anybody hits you, you should hit him back. Isn't that the way the game's supposed to be played?"

ACT II: Flyer Paul Holmgren cross-checks New York's Eddie Johnston from behind, precipitating a melee. Holmgren is banished from the game, his third such game-misconduct penalty of the season, which is only 11 games old.

ACT III: With six seconds to play, Flyer Behn Wilson stops along the boards and for no apparent reason roughs up Anders Hedberg of the Rangers. Wilson is given 14 minutes in penalties, a meaningless punishment at this stage of game.

EPILOGUE

Ranger President William Jennings: "It was a disgraceful performance by the Flyers, the most disgraceful I've seen."

Flyer President Ed Snider: "Hockey is a violent game."

NHL Office: No comment.

FROM LONDON WITH 4.6 SPEED

Quite a few foreign-born lads have done well in U.S. football as placekickers, but Owen Gill, an 18-year-old senior at Brooklyn's Tilden High School, is different. Though he arrived in the U.S. from England barely two years ago, the 6' 2", 200-pound Gill is being recruited by Penn State, North Carolina, Syracuse, Rutgers and Iowa primarily as a running back.

Gill, whose parents are Guyanese, grew up in London playing soccer and rugby, and he was puzzled by football when he moved to the U.S. with his family in 1978. "I couldn't see why, as soon as one person was stopped, everybody stopped and grouped again to call another play," he says. Nevertheless, Gill

went out for Tilden's team, wound up in the backfield and last season gained 853 yards on 136 carries and scored nine touchdowns as Tilden, with a 7-3 record, made it to the finals of New York's Public School Athletic League B Division playoffs before losing to Madwood 14-0. This year he has gained 1,048 yards on 121 carries and scored nine TDs as Tilden has gone 5-0-2. During a 26-0 win over Madison High two weeks ago, Gill rushed for 314 yards, including TD runs of 57, 70 and 76 yards. And, yes, he's also Tilden's kicker. His 43-yard field goal beat Madwood 10-7 earlier this season to avenge last year's big loss, and last week he scored all but one of Tilden's points (four TDs, a 33-yard field goal, a two-point conversion run, two PATs) in a 32-0 rout of Sheephead Bay. He's also had four touchdowns nullified this season because of penalties, including runs of 62 and 57 yards.

Gill is still learning to follow his blockers, but he has overcome his habit of putting the ball down in the end zone after touchdowns—"In rugby you have to do that to score"—and is developing into an accomplished receiver. With 4.6 speed in the 40 and sufficient athletic ability to have won the gold medal last summer in the triple jump (47' 11½") in the Empire State Games, Gill is an explosive runner, of whom Tilden Assistant Coach Pete White says, "Once he's past the line, there isn't a defensive back in New York City who can catch him." Having overcome his early aversion to football, Gill is now a fan of the Pittsburgh Steelers, Earl Campbell and Walter Payton, and he finds the awarding of college football scholarships a quaint and not displeasing custom. With British understatement he says of the likelihood he'll get a free ride at one college football power or another, "It sounds like a good deal."

THEY SAID IT

• Tony Dungy, former NFL defensive back, asked if he felt biorhythms influenced the outcome of games: "I think your biorhythms are going to be better against San Francisco than they are against Pittsburgh."

• Dan McCann, Duquesne football coach, after being beaten 30-28 on a field goal by Georgetown junior Jim Corcoran, who had also beaten the Dukes with a field goal in 1978 and a punt-return touchdown in 1979: "I plan to attend his graduation."

END

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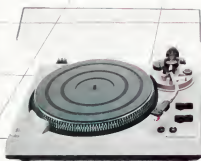
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Sports Illustrated

NOVEMBER 10, 1990

THIS COULD BE THEIR LAST GRASP

Joe Greene got his first sack of the year and Pittsburgh its first win in four games, but both may have been too late

by **PAUL ZIMMERMAN**



CONTINUED

They talked about emotion and excitement and the feel of victory after three losses in a row. They talked about Steeler football—a return to basics, an escape from finesse. They had free-lanced on defense, and when things got tight in the fourth quarter last Sunday in Three Rivers Stadium, they found one play that clicked and kept hitting the Green Bay Packers with it.

"We were hungry, our backs were to the wall," said Pittsburgh Linebacker Robin Cole. "We're just getting a taste of it again."

You could close your eyes and swear you were listening to the Eagles of a few years ago, when Philadelphia first started to emerge from the dark ages, or to the Tampa Bay Bucs of last season, when they first realized they could beat people.

But, hey, folks, these were the Pittsburgh Steelers, the Team of the '70s, the Super Bowl champions the past two years, and it was Green Bay they beat, a team even more crippled than the Steelers, a team that has been walloped by the good clubs all year. Pittsburgh won 22-20, thanks to nine points worth of misuses by a Packer reserve center. The Steelers had to struggle, and with seven weeks left in the season, one has to wonder whether they'll be playing football when January rolls around.

This week Pittsburgh visits Tampa Bay, and thus ends the NFC Central portion of its schedule. The NFC Central has

been kind to the Steelers; they've built their 5-4 record largely on a 3-0 run against that division. But after the Bucs it's AFC—the A division—all the way.

Pittsburgh was written off by a lot of people after suffering three straight losses—to Cincinnati, Oakland and Cleveland—before the Green Bay game, and the Steelers needed Sunday's victory "to get that terrible, crushing weight off our back," as Joe Greene put it.

In time of triumph in Pittsburgh, age was never a topic of discussion, but now it has been pointed out that the Steelers' regular front four on defense average just under 32, that Greene and L.C. Green-

utility pole. PRAY FOR PITTSBURGH it says.

Even the poetry has turned morbid. No city in the NFL has as many fans given to versifying as Pittsburgh does, but, lo, look what the pen hath produced. From a gentleman in Punxsutawney:

*One for the thump
Is what the fans chose,
But this year will be
One for the nose.*

And from a fan in Monroeville:
*Steel men kneel with heart submission
Show to ashes your contrition.
Look above—to heaven grope,
This alone may be your hope.*

Mother of Mercy, is this the end of Rico? Has the dynasty really collapsed? Must we draw a line through the Steelers and look elsewhere for inspiration in the NFL?

Let's take it one step at a time.

Age. The Packers were an old team when they won their last Super Bowl in 1968. The Steelers were old when they won the Super Bowl in January. But the Green Bay dynasty collapsed when Vince Lombardi quit as coach, when those old fellows no longer had that dynamic force whipping and driving them to give that last little bit of energy. Then, all of a sudden, they were just an old team that was getting tired. Scratch that angle. Chuck Noll has no plans to retire.

How about the emergence of a rival superpower? Well, so far none has surfaced, at least not in the AFC. It's a great, gray mass out there, a



Cowser has a gimpy ankle but still works out

Lambert says don't read volumes into the decline



wood are both 34, that these old fellows have lost the knack for the sack, and that when you can't put heat on the opposing quarterback, you're strictly a pigeon in this era of fly-boy football.

The Steelers have had last respects paid to them. After the 27-26 loss to Cleveland two weeks ago, a funeral wreath was delivered to the front office, a big one, a \$50 job loaded with chrysanthemums, tinted black. "With deepest sympathies," the card read. The donor was anonymous. In the suburb of Millvale, a cardboard sign decorated with gold and black hangs from a

Harris returned from his knee injury, but



tribute to Pete Rozelle's idea of parity among warring fieldoms. No AFC team is springing away from the pack. Everyone has shown vulnerability. In the NFC, Philadelphia, Dallas and Los Angeles are showpiece teams, with Atlanta close behind, but they've all demonstrated that they can be had, too.

Steeler injuries? This is a problem that rages through the NFL like a plague. Random chance. It strikes the high and the low alike, without regard to race, creed or body build. A good rule of thumb is this: the teams that make it to the playoffs usually are the least injured down the stretch. The Steelers certainly know about this. In 1976 they were gearing themselves for a furious rush at a third straight Super Bowl, and then one morning they found themselves in Oakland for a championship game with only one healthy running back.

But the Steelers have never been hit as hard with injuries as they have been this year. Six players already have been totaled for the season. Three more are on injured reserve, and only two can be reactivated this season. Fourteen others have missed at least one game. When the Steelers lost to Cleveland by a point, they rolled out an offense that was minus its quarterback (Terry Bradshaw), both wide receivers (Lynn Swann and John Stallworth), the fullback (Franco Harris) and both starting guards (Sam Davis and Steve Courson). And yet they scored 26 points, a tribute to their depth. In his postgame message Noll finally addressed himself to the injury situation. "We've



Bradshaw needed his fish-jacket. Stallworth (cracked fibula) didn't play. Swann (cracked rib) did



had 35 players taking medical treatment this week," he said.

In 1976, when the Steelers had to play without Bradshaw for part of the regular schedule, they rallied around the defense and had five shutouts. But that was a different era, a time when teams tried to "establish a running game." Trying to establish a running game against the Steelers was a waste of time and effort; gradually it became clear that you beat the Steelers only by throwing on them, by throwing early and by throwing a lot, especially in this day of freedom in the passing lanes.

So this year the other teams put it to the Steelers: let's see if those old boys still know how to rush the passer, let's see if their engines have rusted from disuse. Which brings us to the big problem, the obvious one: Sad Sack Syndrome.

"We lose three games by a total of four points and all of a sudden we're old and we can't rush the passer," says Middle Linebacker Jack Lambert, who has been on the sidelines for two weeks with a sprained knee. "If we'd won those three, we'd still be a dynasty, or whatever the people want to call it."

"Everybody's an expert on what's wrong with us," Noll says. "They all point to the lack of a pass rush. O.K., that's an obvious thing, easy for people to see. There's a lot more to it than that, but until we win, whatever they say is

right. Until we win, they're absolute experts, and nothing we say can refute it."

But the numbers speak. After eight games this year the Steelers had 10 sacks, only one more than the worst sack total in the NFL. Last year after eight games they had 21, on their way to a very healthy total of 49. Also, opposing passers were hitting the Steelers for 218 yards a game—Green Bay's total was 266. Sure, the Steelers led the NFL in interceptions with 17, but if you give the opposition that much time to throw, it's only a matter of time until you *continued*

departed again after taking a shot to the head



For Dwight White, pain is the name of the game.





Randy Grossman was open, but the sore-thumbed, sore-elbowed Bradshaw came up with the short.

THE STEELERS *continued*

secondary is on a psychiatrist's couch.

Noll studied the figures and then did something he didn't want to do: he reinstated team pass-rush drills. "We've always worked on our pass rush," says Noll, "but it has been one-on-one, two-on-two at the most. It's risky to work on an entire four-man rush, especially at almost full scrimmage conditions, like we're doing now. You're gambling on an injury, on somebody falling across someone's leg, or something like that."

At last Thursday's practice, Pittsburgh paid the price. John Goodman, a rookie defensive end from Oklahoma, a sack specialist who was ready to come off injured reserve, was running a stunt to the inside and collided with Greenwood, the defensive end on the other side. Goodman's knee got whacked again, and he remains on injured reserve.

Noll's drills started to pay dividends on Sunday. The Steelers sacked Green Bay's Lynn Dickey three times, tying their high for 1980. O.K., it was only the

Packers, but one thing Green Bay has been able to do of late is protect the quarterback; in his four previous games Dickey had thrown for 1,045 yards and been sacked only six times. The Steelers had to get to him.

"In fairness to our defensive line," Greene says, "we'd lost our pass-rushing skills. We'd been so conditioned to play the run that they had eroded. When you rush the passer, you have to live dangerously. You have to gamble and get off the ball. You have to have a big heart and commit yourself 100% to the fighting and clawing you need to get in there."

Greene recorded his first sack of the year against the Packers, and it was a showcase job. He spun inside off the guard's block, then he split the guard and center, who had come over to help, and got to Dickey. "I can feel it coming back, the moves and the quickness," Greene said, "it's not going to come back all in one week, but it's coming. I can feel it."

Greene said he free-lanced on the play. He was supposed to take an outside route. Greenwood, another blast from the past,

said he free-lanced for practically the whole game, flying down the line from the outside, chasing the ball. He had eight individual tackles, a sack and a bluff, a deflected pass and put heavy pressure on Dickey a couple of other times. Greenwood called it his best game since the 1979 Super Bowl.

"Maybe that's what it takes, free-lancing like that, getting away from a pattern," he said. "You know you get stereotyped, and people get a hook on you. Well, I'll probably catch hell from the coaches when they look at the films and see what I was doing out there. But for the last few years we shut down the run and figured the pass rush would take care of itself. This year it hasn't. Maybe the answer now is to go into every game thinking pass rush first and assuming we can play the run from memory."

It's a neat capsule: the Steelers' pass rush returns, so do they. But the Packers did drive 84 yards on them at the end, bringing the score to the final 22-20 with 39 seconds left. And it was two high snaps from Green Bay's backup center, Buddy Aydelette, that aborted two punts, creating a safety and setting up a short touchdown. And the game itself was a struggle against the kind of team the Steelers used to devour. Pittsburgh's offense, which had averaged 25 points a game during the three losses, was a strange creature indeed.

Bradshaw, the middle joint on his right thumb still swollen and aching from a collision with a helmet two games ago, his right elbow banged up from a fall in the second quarter, his left side alternately numb and aching from a clothesline shot he took on a scramble, admitted he "couldn't throw at all." He went 12-for-28 with two short touchdown passes—one to Swann, the other to Rocky Bleier—and two interceptions. Half the time Bradshaw was side-arming the ball.

"I probably should have taken myself out of the game," he said. "I had no control of the football. If we'd have fallen behind, I would have come out. I saw the things I wanted to take advantage of, but I just couldn't throw the ball. It's like going fishing, seeing a bed of breams down there and not having a hook."

"Was it your thumb?" someone asked.

"My thumb? God, I just hurt all over," he said. "I'm tired and sore."

Bradshaw's only long completion came in the fourth quarter, when the

Steelers were protecting a 15-14 lead; it was a 38-yarder to Theo Bell on a post pattern over the middle, and it was a mistake. The Steelers had three wide receivers in the game, and all three ran inside routes.

"Theo thought he heard an audible, but it really wasn't," said Swann, who was making his first start since fracturing a rib five weeks ago. "Jim Smith and I ran the proper routes inside. Theo was supposed to go outside, but he didn't. We got our longest gain of the day on it. Emotionally, Theo heard the audible. Intellectually, it wasn't there. Maybe that tells you something about the way our luck was going today."

When it came down to the drive that gave Pittsburgh a 22-14 fourth-quarter lead and put the game away, the Steelers turned to an old friend, someone who had almost been a forgotten man—Bleier. They ran him four straight times for 38 yards—pitch right, pitch left, pitch right again, trap up the middle—and then Bradshaw hit him for a four-yard TD

after a desperation scramble. The Rocky Bleier Memorial Drive.

"We found something that worked and we hammered away at it," Bleier said. "We reverted to the offense of the past, when we used to just repeat things that worked. The way their defense was set up, we knew that pitch would go, but we just hadn't used it that much. Maybe that's been our problem, both offensively and defensively. Too much finesse, second guessing, trying to fool people. That's really not our game."

O.K., so Pittsburgh reverted to Steeler football. But the Steelers beat a team that lost two linebackers during the afternoon, and Green Bay's linebacking corps was already minus one starter. Three other Green Bay starters went down in the first half, and the Packers came into the game with 16 players on injured reserve. Yet they hung in and made things tough.

Maybe this is the Steelers' level for 1980—one little notch above the NFL's desperation clubs. But maybe, as Greene

says, it was the start of something, a rebirth, a return to basics. In a week or two Lambert will be back, and Stallworth, who was activated for the Packer game but didn't play, is ready now. Harris returned Sunday but departed after taking a blow to the head in the fourth quarter. That gave Bleier his chance.

A ball-control offense will keep the defense off the field and give the defense a chance to tune up its engines for the pass rush. Pass rush means better field position for the offense. The thing nourishes itself. The dark side is the calendar. If the Steelers really are a year too old, a step too slow, a little too tired, then what we saw Sunday was merely a momentary phenomenon, a last twitch before the lights go out.

The Steelers get another crack at Cleveland—in Three Rivers this time—and they play Houston on the road. They can still control the destiny of their division, the AFC Central. Don't write them off just yet. But don't start celebrating, either.

END

When push came to shove on Pittsburgh's winning drive, Bleier got the call on four straight running plays before catching Bradshaw's short TD pass.



SPURS THAT JINGLE JANGLE MANGLE

San Antonio's good-hit, no-field style has undergone an amazing transformation. Just ask its opponents
by JOHN PAPANAK

The scene belonged in a bad television sitcom about a basketball team: the players are toweling off in the visitors' dressing room, their long faces and a heavy silence letting you know that they had lost, badly. There is a desperate need to dispel the gloom. So the superstar, the class cutup, the one with the pipe-cleaner body, close-cropped hair and stick-out ears, starts humming, quietly at first. Then as his teammates begin to crack smiles, the humming becomes full-blown Smokey Robinson.

"Mama said there'd be days like this, there'd be days like this my mama said," he sings. The others—the veteran guard, the big white kid from Minnesota, the two new centers, the rookies—join in a cacophony that is equal parts R&B and off-key Texas Country.

In comes the coach—a real white shadow, short and skinny with frizzed-up hair, a pearly grin and a high-pitched twang.

"Where the hell is Ice?" he pipes before exploding in laughter. "Ice! Four for 23! Four for 20 bleeping 3! I thought it was bad, but..."

But no, it isn't television. The place is Salt Lake City, the time last Wednesday and the San Antonio Spurs have just lost to the Utah Jazz 109-96.

"You thought it was bad?" says Ice, otherwise known as George Gervin, three times the NBA scoring champion. "I knew it was bad. Some guy in the stands kept yelling to me, '0 for 11, Ice! Two for 16, Ice!' Whew, boy." Gervin bends down and shuffles through a pile of laundry on the floor. "Anybody seen my jump shot?"

Things could have been a lot worse. The defeat was only the Spurs' first since the second game of the season, and

although it had snapped an eight-game winning streak, the team still had a 9-2 record and was 3½ games ahead of Utah in the NBA's Midwest Division after less than three weeks of the season. There was still plenty of room for optimism. The Spurs had a new philosophy, a new attitude, a new coach, a new niche in the Western Conference and a new team that had, ostensibly, proved it was no fluke three nights earlier by beating the defending-champion Lakers—and in Los Angeles—108-102. Because the Lakers lost only four times on their home court in all 41 dates last season and are considered to be even stronger this time around, the Spurs could afford to laugh at the absurdity of their defeat by Utah.

To be sure, the Spurs had always been a loose bunch, playing in one of America's great fun towns, with the NBA's most fun fans. San Antonio is the home of the original Baseline Bums, who have inspired togetherness by dressing up as six-packs of beer (six Bums, that is), presenting an oversized bowl of guacamole dip ingredients to Denver Coach Larry Brown and inventing pithy chants, some of which are printable. One current favorite: "Rootie Toot Toot! Rootie Toot Toot! Who's that monkey in the referee suit?"

The Spurs have the distinction of be-



The massive Olberding is scoring a lot more and playing rough D.

ing the only team to have gotten to the playoffs every year they've been in the NBA—they entered with the 1976 NBA-ABA merger—and in fact have made the playoffs in 12 of their 13 years of existence, and they've always entered and exited laughing, while the rest of the league has laughed even harder. First in offense, last in defense was the way the Spurs seemed to rank every year, with two superstars—Gervin, unanimously acclaimed, and Forward Larry Kenon, self-proclaimed—fighting for points and payroll dollars, and the league's most laid-back coach, Doug Moe, who could work up more sweat in an afternoon gin rummy game than in a month of Hous-

tons, Washingtons and Philadelphia.

But by the start of this season a remarkable transformation had taken place in San Antonio. Kenon had become a free agent and fled to Chicago; the Spurs had all but packed his bags for him. Moe had been fired, and Stan Albeck—a man half Moe's size and, more important, with half Moe's ego—was at the reins. Albeck is a meticulous student of the game and a tireless worker who, at age 49, earned his shot at the big time after heroically serving time as assistant to the likes of Alex Hannum, Hubie Brown, Wilt Chamberlain (ah, the San Diego Conquistadors) and Jerry West, and spending last year as head coach of the Cleveland Cavaliers. "You better believe I'm ready for this," he said last week before the Utah game. "With my southern Illinois twang I can pass for a Texan. I even have my authentic elephant-hide cowboy boots. Only problem is the tennison hat. Can't wear one. Leaves a ring around the perm."

And suddenly Albeck had a different kind of Spurs team, a group of hard-working blue-collar types supporting one star instead of two. Gervin is as sublime a scorer as ever, and his backcourt mate, James Silas, is about 90% of what he was in his ABA days, which was the very best guard in the land. The main difference is in the front line. Where it used to be small, quick and weak in rebounding, it is now big, if slow, and strong, and it's the reason the Spurs are holding opponents to 106.3 points per game, almost 14 points better than last year, and outrebounding them by 4.2 per game. The team is a perfect example of addition by subtraction.

Replacing Kenon's 20.1 points, 9.9 rebounds and defensive liabilities, there is free agent Center George Johnson, over from the Nets with his 5.4 points, 8.1 rebounds but 42 blocked shots in 13 games. His backup is Dave Corzine, plucked from Washington's dustbin for the fire-sale price of two second-round draft picks. Now that he's finally getting to play, Corzine has consistently been among the league leaders in shooting with a .600 percentage and is scoring 10 points per game.

The strength at center has made everyone else more effective. John Shumate, the 6' 9" journeyman now playing for his 16th coach in seven years, has found a home at power forward, moving

bruising Mark Olberding into Kenon's old quick-forward spot. Olberding is scoring at a 13-point clip, four over his career average, and helping to clog up the area around the basket. Close-in defense used to be so porous that San Antonio opponents were practically invited in for layups.

And the reserves are something to behold. Kevin Restani, let go by Milwaukee, and Paul Griffin, once the New Orleans Jazz' mop-up man, are doing wondrous things. Restani is shooting 54% and Griffin is the team's No. 3 assist man, and both are part of a reserve unit that outscored Los Angeles 35-13 in the second quarter of the Spurs' upset there.

Everybody with the Spurs is happy, including General Manager Bob Bass, who once coached the Spurs and three other ABA teams. One of those was the Memphis Tams, owned by Charles O. Finley. "Like Ol' Charley O once told me," says Bass, "crumbs on another man's table may be a main course on mine."

That theory has worked for the Spurs. "I sensed right away that these guys hungered for direction," says Albeck. "So the first thing I did was analyze every play in the NBA. There are about 20. Then I set up rules to defense each one."

One other stroke of genius, dreamed up by Bass and club president Angelo Drossos, is an incentive plan—an escalating scale of cash bonuses for each play-

er that goes into effect as soon as the Spurs win 36 games, up to and including win No. 56. The deal was first negotiated on top of Gervin's base salary of \$600,000. Fifty-six wins would earn Ice something like \$900,000. "Then," says Bass, "we felt it wouldn't be right if one guy was whoopin' and hollerin' over a win late in the season and another guy wasn't, so we made the plan available to all the players." Figuring that what's good for the Gervin is good for the goose, everybody else joined, some actually risking a portion of their salaries to enroll in the plan. Forty-one wins is the break-even point. After the opening-night victory at Denver, Spur players were all whoopin' and hollerin', and Griffin yelled, "One down, 81 to go."

"No," corrected Gervin. "One down, 35 to go."

The plan is working, although it should be acknowledged that with the exception of Los Angeles, San Antonio's 10 victims have a combined record of 29-62. Scouts are coming from all over the league to see them. Al Menendez of the Nets caught their victory in Seattle, whistled at their bulk and said, "Whatever happened to the old Spurs who used to wave when you went to the basket?"

Kansas City's Sam Lacey took one look at the four big white guys—Olberding, Corzine, Restani and Griffin—and said they looked like "lumberjacks." The nickname has stuck. Kings Coach Cotton Fitzsimmons added, "Those guys could pull the Budweiser wagon."

But it seemed last week that the big victory in Los Angeles on Oct. 26 had been followed by a sharp letdown. On Wednesday in Utah the Spurs fell, and on Friday they played a mediocre game in Seattle. Against the decimated SuperSonics mediocre was good enough, however, and the Spurs became the first team in the NBA to win 10 games this season. Gervin had another bad game—17 points and he fouled out—but Silas picked up the team with 28 points. On Saturday night the Spurs took another hammering on the road, this time from Golden State 123-108. Gervin had shaken his slump and delivered 42 points, as he had promised he would that morning.

"Yeah, I told you I'd get 40," he said. "Only points don't make me no money. Only W's. Nothing but W's. From now on when I get my 40's I'm gonna make sure that we win, too."



For every attack, Albeck has a rigged defense

HEY, NOT EVERYBODY CAN BE PERFECT

Alabama, UCLA, North Carolina and Baylor—unbeaten, ranked in the Top 10 and aspirants for the national title—bit the dust by DOUGLAS S. LOONEY

Last Saturday afternoon, when Alabama Coach Paul (Bear) Bryant walked into the dressing room full of hysterical-beyond-bonkers football players to say a few words, the place fell instantly silent. Bryant didn't ask for it; his presence demanded it. After all, The Legend was paying a call. "You are deserving of more than you got today," said the always soft-spoken Bryant. "You should have won by more."

These were ordinary words, something any coach might say to his players—except that Bear was standing in the Mis-

issippi State University dressing room talking not to his boys but to the team that had just beaten his boys. Yes, Mississippi State. The Bulldogs had defeated the seemingly invincible and No. 1-ranked Crimson Tide before 50,891 spectators in Mississippi Memorial Stadium at Jackson. It was the largest college football crowd ever in Mississippi. Alabama hadn't been beaten since Sept. 23, 1978, when Southern California did it. The Tide had won 28 straight games, the longest streak in the nation. It was the first time in 22 years that Mississippi State

had whipped 'Bama. Indeed, only three members of the State team were even alive when the last State victory over the Tide occurred.

The Mississippi State win was the centerpiece of a wild, whacky—and if your loyalties lay with the underdogs—wonderful weekend in college football, the craziest in memory. Never had the top two teams been defeated on the same day so late in the regular season, but it came to pass when second-ranked UCLA was dumped 23-17 by Arizona. And there was more. Sixth-ranked North Carolina was put to sleep by Oklahoma 41-7, and No. 10 Baylor was humiliated 30-22 by San Jose State. All four losers had been undefeated.

Indeed, among the undefeated and untied, only Notre Dame and Georgia survived. The Irish, perhaps the best in the nation at being prepared for every game, trounced Navy 33-0. For its part, Georgia had its hands full with South



Carolina. The loser's George Rogers, a Heisman Trophy candidate, fumbled on the Bulldog 16 with 5:18 remaining to allow Georgia to hang on to a precarious 13-10 lead that was the final score.

To get back to shockeroo No. 1, Alabama was, well, generally inept, while Mississippi State was primed. The end of the game will be discussed over many a whiskey and branch water. In the final 2:13, the Tide, down 6-3, drove 50 yards to the State three-yard line. With 15 seconds left, senior Quarterback Don Jacobs tried to circle right end, and was jarred by End Tyronne Keys. Jacobs fumbled, and the other State end, Billy Jackson, pounced on the ball. To end the game, right? Wrong.

The Bulldogs still had to run out the last six seconds. Quarterback John Bond, a freshman who had played brilliantly, especially in the second half, fumbled the snap, and in a world-class scramble his fullback, Donald Ray King. *continued*



A block by Wayne Harris (64) let State's Mardye McDole scamper for 19 yards against the Tide.

A nearly unbelieving Mike Robinson, whose sack gave Airbone a safety, savors victory over UCLA.



With a pack of Bruins pursuing, Arizona's Hubert Oliver picks up some of his 53 yards rushing

recovered—on the State one-half yard line. "The victory belongs to us just like the bell belongs to me," exulted Kang afterward. "We beat Alabama. They were No. 1, so now we are No. 1." Not quite. Notre Dame is now No. 1, but State, at 7-2, suddenly is getting more than polite smiles from the bowl people.

Among the many State heroes was sophomore Kicker Dana Moore, who scored all the winners' points with field goals of 37 and 22 yards. "It's sort of funny," he said, "knowing I'll never have a better moment in my life." He and a good many others. An absolutely lights-out defense held Alabama, which had been rushing for an average of 349.3 yards per game, to 116.

No one in the land is a better loser than Bryant, perhaps because he has had so little practice at it. Looking every bit his 67 years, he said, "I thought we would win the game at the end. Not *continued*



It didn't matter whether Baylor knew the way to San Jose. The Spartans went to Waco, and for Bear Quarterback Jay Jeffrey it was an upsetting experience

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beat anybody, because they beat us in every way, but win the game. We were beaten badly. They literally shut down our offense. They were better coached than us. Maybe the Lord planned it this way." He did grouse a bit about crowd noise preceding the fumble, but not for long, saying, "Mississippi State took it to us and whipped us soundly."

Fear not, the Tide will roll again. Said Defensive End E.J. Junior, "After all, we are Alabama, which means we can win and lose with class." In his own team's locker room, amid the clutter of tape and soda pop cans, Bryant said of his players, "I am proud of them, because they are mine." As for State Coach Emory Belard, he just glowed and said, "This was my sweetest win. I would flat-out put a 10 on this team."

Arizona Coach Larry Smith felt much the same about his squad. The truth is, though, that the Wildcats have lacked bite this year; they were 2-4 before UCLA came to town. Arizona had lost to Southern Cal and Notre Dame and figured to get trounced by the undefeated Bruins, who in their 32-9 victory over Cal the previous week looked as if they were on the verge of becoming a super team.

Fans in Tucson hadn't a clue as to what was coming; the game drew the Wildcats' second-smallest home crowd in five years, 42,876. UCLA led 17-14 at the half, and soon it became known that Alabama had lost. Because victory in Tucson would surely have made the Bruins No. 1, they had every incentive to wallow the 'Cats. Trouble was, UCLA neglected to score any more points. It also failed to do much of anything else, getting just 83 yards in total offense in the second half—minus-five for the fourth quarter.

By contrast, you would have thought Arizona had been given a shot of adrenaline. On the second play of the second half, freshman Quarterback Tom Tunnicliffe—who grew up in Burbank, 20 minutes from the UCLA campus, but wasn't recruited by the Bruins—passed six yards to freshman Tailback Brian Holland, and Holland ran for another 35 to the UCLA 39. On the next play Tunnicliffe hit senior Tight End Bill Nettling for the remaining 39 yards and a touchdown.

A share of the glory went to Mexican-born Punter Sergio Vega, who nearly lost his job earlier this season when he punted three times against Cal for a 28-yard

average. Observers attributed this to the fact that he seemed to be kicking with his shin instead of his foot. On Saturday his average was 54.9 yards for seven kicks—undeniably with his foot—including one for 80 yards that got Arizona out of a fix at its own five.

UCLA Coach Terry Donahue was upset about two calls. On the first, one official signaled that Split End Michael Brant had caught a pass for a UCLA touchdown in bounds, and another said no. The final verdict was no. In the fourth quarter one official said UCLA had recovered a fumble, another said it hadn't. The verdict again went against the Bruins. Said a glum Donahue, "Do you know how many times you have a chance to be No. 1 in this business? An opportunity slipped through our fingers. We lost a chance for a great season. Maybe we can win the national championship at 10-1." Not likely.

For their part, North Carolinians had been thinking that maybe, just maybe, the Tar Heels could win a national title. Those dreams were dashed in Norman, OU led by only 14-7 at halftime, but some straight talk by Coach Barry Switzer during the intermission cranked up the Sooners. A 51-yard carry by Fullback Weldon Ledbetter set up a seven-yard touchdown run by Quarterback J.C. Watts, and an interception one minute later by Strong Safety Gary Lowe led to another score, this one a one-yard run, also by Watts. Now the rout was on. In all, Watts scored three times.

Tailback Famous Amos Lawrence didn't have his hoped-for big day for Carolina, although he did race 62 yards on the second play of the game. After that he gained but 44 yards on 19 carries. The Tar Heel defense had given up only 538 yards rushing in seven games, but OU's wishbone pummeled it for 495. Carolina Coach Dick Crum wasn't happy about losing by such a huge margin, but he accepted defeat fatalistically. "I thought it could happen," he said.

In Waco, the Baylor team had been briefed last Thursday by Coach Grant Teaff on the Saturday opposition, San Jose State. "I'm not going to tell you San Jose is a great football team," said Teaff, "but they're capable of beating us and that's all we need to know, because we're not a great football team." Teaff was dead right.

His Bears played lethargically, behaving as if they could win the game anytime they decided to. But come winning time, they couldn't. The Bears clearly hadn't taken San Jose—San Jose, they called it—seriously, what with Arkansas and Texas on the horizon. Baylor had a 15-0 first half lead, but squandered it. Much of the blame must be assigned to the secondary, which was riddled by the strong right arm of Spartan Quarterback Steve Clarkson. Clarkson was playing for the first time since suffering a greenstick fracture of his left clavicle five weeks ago. "Iowa State ended our undefeated year," said Clarkson. "What's the difference with us ending Baylor's?"

Truth be told, San Jose is a very average football team that was very lucky. On a third-quarter scoring drive, Clarkson got things started when he threw a pass that was tipped by Baylor Tackle Tommy Tabor but caught by San Jose Wide Receiver Tim Kears for 11 yards. The drive ended in triumph when Clarkson drilled a ball to Rick Parma that hit him in the shoulder pads, bounced high and wild and into the hands of Tailback Gerald Whitliffe, who happened to be passing through the neighborhood. That was good for 52 yards. "I saw it tipped and I went right after it," said Whitliffe. "I'm a football player. I know if I caught it, they wouldn't catch me." Said Teaff, "When the other team makes a touchdown by having the ball bounce from one receiver to another, you know it's not your day."

Baylor still had plenty of chances to win, but the Bears got a roughing the kicker penalty, and San Jose, with renewed vigor, scored when Whitliffe went over from the two for the second of his three touchdowns in the game. Winning Coach Jack Elway called the victory "my biggest thrill in 28 years of coaching, but I don't want to go into detail or it will sound like an obituary. I'll tell you one thing, I like luck and I do believe in luck."

Back in Jackson, Bear Bryant was speaking more and more softly. "Maybe," he whispered, "we can learn something from this game that will help us in the future." That's a sentiment all the upset victims could endorse, along with a painful summation of the day's havoc by Alabama senior Offensive Tackle Bill Searcey. "This," he said, "is hard to accept." **END**

AT THE TOP OF HIS PROFESSION

Marques Johnson, who may well be the best forward in the NBA, performs high above the opposition, stopping time, defying gravity

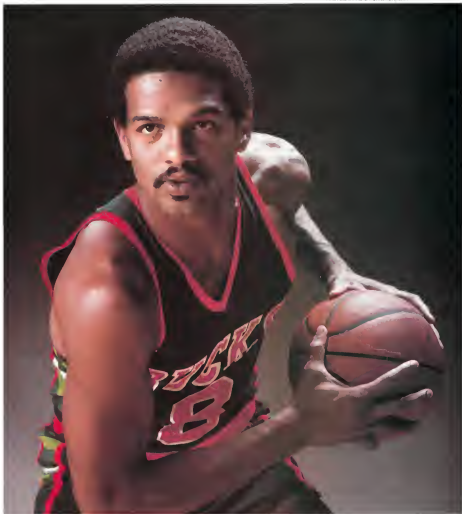
by JOHN PAPANEX

Marques Johnson gathers himself on the left wing, impassively facing the basket, holding the ball lightly with both hands, which dangle between his thighs. His feet are flat on the floor. Boston's Larry Bird, the defender, watches the ball, at the same time keeping peripheral track of the moving Bucks and Celtics, waiting for something to happen. Then, at just below the speed of light, Johnson's head and hands flick right, toward the painted lane. Bird's eyes shift just so, and his left hand goes out to cut off Johnson's path. Bird has been snared. For Johnson, making a basket now will be like picking a spring flower. As if time has stopped for everyone but him, Johnson flicks the ball from his right hand to his left, takes one step and launches himself into his own space. He is almost left of the basket before Bird even notices he is gone. Still in the air as other Celtics close in, Johnson tucks the ball into his midriff, drawing his elbows in tight. A madcourse adjustment takes him behind the glass, and before his feet touch down on the right side of the basket, he has shoveled the ball, spinning, up and off the backboard, into the hoop. By the time the spectators' eyes have shifted from the quivering hoop to the spot where Johnson landed, he is no longer there, but halfway downcourt, ready to set up on defense.

If Marques Johnson is not generally conceded to be the best all-round basketball player in the game today, it is only because comparing players at different positions is as difficult as comparing pitchers with hitters, quarterbacks with linebackers or goalies with wingers. In the NBA, Kareem Abdul-Jabbar stands alone at center and Magic Johnson has no equal at guard. But at forward, the game's glamour position, two players stand out. One is Philadelphia's 6' 7" Julius Erving and the other is Milwaukee's 6' 7" Johnson.

Ask any NBA coach which of the two he'd rather have on his team and he will say "both." Each is a superb scorer—Erving averaging 26.6 points and Johnson 20.2 so far this year. But press a little bit, and the coach will say that Johnson is the superior defender; his 218 pounds provide more strength than Erving's 200. And then he might point out that Johnson is just 24 years old while Erving is 30.

continued





MARQUES JOHNSON *continued*

Johnson himself believes there is little difference between himself and Doctor J. Johnson has idolized Erving ever since he watched him do amazing things with a multicolored ball in the 1972 ABA All-Star game while Marques was a student at Los Angeles' Crenshaw High School. "Doc is in a class by himself," says Johnson. "But ... well, maybe he gives up a little on the defense. Put it this way: If you had a team I don't think you'd go wrong with either one of us."

False modesty is not among Johnson's failings. In fact, his bluntness has sometimes been mistaken for snobbishness, or indifference. But he has never caused a headache for a coach or a moment's jealousy on any team he's played for. If anyone ever was, he was born to play basketball. His father, Jeff, then a high school coach in Nachitoches, La. and now a math and science teacher and the coach at Crenshaw, named him after Marques Haynes of the Harlem Globetrotters. Why Haynes? "Because," says Jeff, "of all the players I'd ever seen, Marques Haynes was the one who could do the most things

continued

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with a basketball." Jeff Johnson is 5' 11" and his wife, Baasha, is 5' 8". Yet the doctor who delivered Marques predicted that he would grow to be 6' 6" or taller. His father says, "I always knew he would be a basketball player. Why? Because he was a boy."

Just as today's centers—even Abdul-Jabbar—are still measured against Bill Russell, forwards are compared to Elgin Baylor. "Elgin, Doc and Marques, in my opinion those three guys are the best forwards ever," says Wayne Embry, the former NBA center who is now a Bucks vice-president. "Marques is closer to Elgin than Doc because of his great strength and defense. He not only has the quickest first step of anyone I've ever seen, but once he makes it he's way up above everybody. Put those two things together and he can get anywhere he wants."

"Doc's the Doc," says Bucks Coach Don Nelson. "But Marques is the best all-round. We ask him to do more and he does do more. I never want to limit his abilities to one or two areas. There's no doubt I could get 30 points a night from him if I went to him more. But he's got to work his butt off on the D, so I limit him to 35 minutes or so. I could play him at guard if I wanted to, he's that versatile. Sometimes in practice I do." *continued*



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**LORD CALVERT
CANADIAN**



"Playing forward in the NBA requires a wider repertoire of skills than any other position," says Johnson. "You have to be able to handle the ball, shoot from the outside, rebound, play defense against a variety of players. Like myself—I might have to guard Maurice Lucas one game, Walter Davis the next. That's like guarding a center and a guard, totally different types. I have to play against Larry Bird, a phenomenal offensive player, also rebound, then get out on the fast break and run."

As great a player as Johnson has become, his father thinks he should be even better. "He's too conservative," says Jeff Johnson. "He can do more things than he's doing."

Standing at the low post, right side, with Bird and the basket behind him, Johnson takes a bounce pass from Len Elmore. The upward bounce of the ball, which he catches at his belt, seems to lift him off the floor like a Minuteman missile. He blasts off, twisting toward the hoop, leans at a 60-degree angle and bungs the ball off the glass and through the cords. Again, the move was too quick for Bird to react to it.

"To me, the beauty of the game is in getting to the basket and avoiding contact," says Johnson. "If I go up in the air and someone's in the path, I can almost always find a way to contort my body so I can get around him. There is so much space around the basket. You know there are going to be little pockets, little black holes, places you can occupy and score from. Sometimes I'm going to one but they close it up before I get there. Well, that just opens up another one somewhere else, so I just have to find it and get there fast."

Bill Bradley, the former Princeton All-American, New York Knick, and now U.S. Senator from New Jersey, had a favorite phrase, which he applied to his life on and off the basketball court: "A sense of where you are." Bradley is another of Johnson's heroes and in many ways their personalities are similar. But on the court Johnson does things with a basketball Bradley could only have dreamed about. And Johnson, too, has an abiding sense of where he is.

Johnson plays so high off the floor that he gives the impression of having the ability to walk on air, to stop time. "Often I take off from some spot, land 10 feet

away and I'm not even sure of what I've done in between," he says. "I've always had an instinctive ability to get to the ball or to the basket. And I always know where I am and where I must get to. On a rebound, I can tell from the trajectory of the shot where it's going to bounce and how high I have to jump to get it. On a pass or a drive I know just how to get my body moving right. It's almost as though I can make my own physical laws."

Few people were prepared for what Johnson was going to do when he entered the NBA in 1977. In four years at UCLA he had been an outstanding performer, winning College Player of the Year honors in his senior year. But UCLA's highly disciplined system—Johnson played his first two years under John Wooden, his last two under Gene Bartow—didn't allow individual talents like Johnson's to manifest themselves as the professional game does. "I became a prisoner of that particular system," he says. "But really, that was the way I learned to play, and the way I played in high school. I learned efficiency, how to play without using up too much energy. My father used to call it 'playing the easy way.'"

What Johnson brought out of UCLA was a winning attitude. "Coach Wooden made you have it," he says. Embrey recalls going to Pauley Pavilion in 1973 to scout a UCLA senior named Bill Walton. "I saw this freshman, Marques Johnson, and I said to the guy next to me, 'We're scouting the wrong kid.'"

Still, there were raps on Johnson's game. People said he couldn't shoot from the outside, that he couldn't dribble well, that he didn't have great speed. "I hadn't been sure about Marques before I went to see him in the Pizza Hut Classic in Las Vegas," says Nelson. "He had a poor game—one for seven or something—but I'd been to their practice a couple of days earlier and he was absolutely sensational. If I hadn't done that, I never would've fallen in love with him."

Milwaukee had the first choice in the 1977 draft, but the Bucks were set on using it to take Indiana Center Kent Benson. Nelson wanted Johnson, too, so he traded Center Swen Nater to Buffalo for the No. 3 pick. Nelson's mentor, Boston G.M. Red Auerbach, was aghast. "Red told me never to trade a seven-foot cen-

ter for anything but another seven-foot center," says Nelson. "But I had a hunch Marques might be an exception."

Exceptional was what he was, from the first day of his first season. With a scoring average of 19.5 points and a rebounding average of 8.5—plus an ability to play defense uncommonly well for a rookie—Johnson, more than anyone, was responsible for turning a 30–52 team into a championship contender. In the playoffs he averaged 24 points and 12.4 rebounds, outplayed Phoenix Forward Walter Davis and embarrassed the writers and broadcasters who voted Davis, not Johnson, Rookie of the Year in 1978.

Johnson is driving right, and Cleveland's Mike Mitchell is with him step for step. Suddenly Johnson cuts left—Mitchell is still going right—and enters the lane where 6' 10" Dave Robisch has spread his bulk. Johnson takes to the air, brings the ball to his knees, switches it to his right hand, brings it up again, spins it in off the glass. And draws the foul.

"I have fun at least once or twice in every game," Johnson says. "Of course, fun for me a lot of times is watching other players do stuff. When we were playing Philly once, Julius dunked one on me. I didn't show it or let anybody know how I felt, but inside I was applauding and giving him a standing ovation. And later I told him, under my breath, 'Good move.'"

How often do opponents acknowledge Johnson's extraordinary moves?

"Hmmm. Some guys say, 'Try that again and I'm gonna break your arm,' or 'Come in here again and I'll take your head off.' When you're playing Julius it's 'Oh, it's Dr. J. How am I gonna stop him?' Sometimes I sense players have that kind of respect for me, whereas with other players it's 'Yeah. Come on. Take it to me.' Walter Davis and I have real good games. A lot of times he'll score 38 and I'll score 37."

"Now this one happened my rookie year in Houston. I was posting up with the defender fronting me. I'm supposed to break to the basket while Quinn Buckner throws me a lob pass. But the pass was behind me and low, and I had to turn around and bend down for it. I caught it and in one motion pulled up and dunked it blind, backwards."

"How did you know where you were?" someone asks him.

continued

"I told you. I always know where I am."

"But a dunk? A fraction of an inch off and it bounces into the seats."

"Not if you know precisely where you are."

Johnson certainly gives the impression that he knows precisely where he is. He speaks clearly and carefully in a basso profundo voice, and is interested in many more things than the location of the basket. He was an excellent student from the beginning, and at one point his parents changed his elementary school because, says his father, "We thought he was making A's too easily. But he kept right on making A's and we were told he was just a gifted student." He received a degree in theater arts at UCLA; eventually he would like to get into film or television production work. He carries a Screen Actors Guild card. He keeps in close touch with current events, reading *Time* magazine on planes while some of his teammates read trashy novels or sports pages or sleep. He is rarely quoted colorfully because reporters who cover the team have the idea that he is quiet and staid, and private. But he has a wry sense of humor, is quick with a quip and is universally liked.

"Marques is pure vanilla," says Bucks Vice-President John Steinmiller. Embry says that he is the embodiment of "class." Teammate Buckner, who is impressed with Johnson's intelligence and efficiency as a player, says, "Success hasn't fazed him in the least." Jon McGlocklin, a former Buck forward and now the team's radio and TV color man, says he doesn't really know Johnson well; no one on the team does. But his impressions are: "Intelligent, mature, strong, upright. He gives you a little bit of himself, but holds a little back. That adds intrigue. Makes him mysterious. I can't think of a single negative thing to say about him." Says Center Bob Lanier, "I love him. To death."

Johnson is driving a red Jeep to an out-of-the-way Milwaukee soul-food restaurant, and talking about discipline. "In things that I consider very important, I guess I am disciplined," he says. "That's the way I was brought up. But in minor things, cleaning my room, stuff like that, I'm not as together as my image might suggest."

Is he truly as mature and upstanding

as most people seem to think he is?

He says, "Can't I be those things and still have a dirty room?"

In Marques Johnson's neat life there have been few occasions when order seemed threatened and even fewer outright bad moments. There was a nagging uncertainty when he contemplated leaving UCLA after his junior year. Both the Denver Nuggets, who were still in the ABA, and the Detroit Pistons, who would have the first pick in the NBA draft, were after him. But they kept reducing the money as the ABA-NBA merger grew imminent.

"I felt like Joe Hardy in *Damn Yankees*," says Johnson. "Should I go or shouldn't I? Would my life and career fall apart at midnight?" He turned to his parents for counsel, as always.

"We advised him to stay in school," says Jeff Johnson. "There didn't seem to be any reason to us why he should hurry into the pros." Indeed, the elder Johnson had moved his family—Marques and three sisters, now there are four—to Los Angeles from Louisiana in 1961, expressly so that Marques could attend UCLA. "Kenny Washington and Jackie Robinson [both UCLA alumni] were two men I admired very much," says Jeff. "That was long before I even knew about Wooden."

Two dismaying events for Marques occurred simultaneously last fall. Both resulted from mistakes. His marriage ended after less than two years—"I got married because I thought it was the thing to do," he says—and he went through a distasteful holdout in an effort to get his original six-year contract renegotiated. Bucks Owner Jim Fitzgerald steadfastly refused, though he offered Johnson a modest bonus, and Johnson had neither the heart nor the stomach to prolong the holdout to the point of affecting his career. He shrugs and says, "I figure why go through hell? Might as well just play basketball." He is getting \$250,000 this season, which makes him the fourth-highest-paid player on the Bucks—after Lanier, Brian Winters and Mickey Johnson. About 60 or 70 NBA players who wouldn't have a prayer against Johnson in a game of HORSE are paid more. But there is no bitterness. The Bucks understand Johnson's desire for more money and he understands their position as a tightly run busi-

ness. "A contract is a contract," he says. "My mistake was signing for six years. Now I realize I was betting against myself. But I just saw that million dollars. I wouldn't have cared if it was spread over 30 years. They told me six years would go fast, but . . . wow, I still have two more to go."

Johnson doesn't want to offend Milwaukeeans, but it isn't his favorite town. Los Angeles, where he grew up, is. "After you've been to a couple of the places here, what's there left to do?" He knows he'll be worth a solid million a year in 1982 and he doesn't intend to make any mistakes next time around.

Of this the Bucks' front office is keenly aware. "We know that we're going to have to come up with a very, very good offer," says Steinmiller, "but it's not like we haven't been down that road before." Indeed, Milwaukee had a similar problem with Abdul-Jabbar in 1975. He was so good that the Bucks couldn't afford to keep him, and the trade they made with Los Angeles brought several of the players who helped make Milwaukee the winning team it is today. "We can always back up the Brinks truck into L.A. again," says Steinmiller. "Not that we want to. We don't want to do that at all."

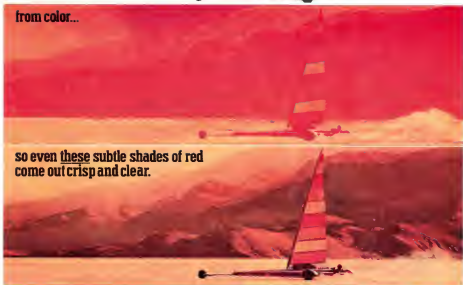
An outside shot by Winters bounces off the front of the rim high into the air. Abdul-Jabbar has position for the rebound—arms and legs spread wide—meaning that no one is going to get it but him. Johnson is pushed all the way under the basket so that the only way he can get the ball is if it falls through the net. But as Kareem reaches, Marques shoots up and out like a rocket, intercepts the ball and slam-dunks it, right before Abdul-Jabbar's amazed face.

"You know," Johnson says, "maybe one of the reasons I put on such a stoic front is because I've always had secret doubts about myself. I've always had a tendency to downplay my talents. I would always go into a situation thinking I wasn't as good, maybe, as I really was—in high school, in college. Coming out of college, even though I'd been Player of the Year, I still had doubts. I heard people say that I might not be good enough. I thought, 'Can I really play with these guys?' Then I got to my first training camp. One hour. No more doubts. No more doubts at all."

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Such as: "These bears, please, also these elks, how many kilos?"

And: "Colorado keeps a rodeo? We may see this?"

And: "Tell me about this city. They have the night places, with the girls? Also,

in this camp we go, this ranch, there is beers? This is important."

Their baggage and rifle cases were still stacked high in a corner of the lobby because this particular People Pleasin' Holiday Inn was steadfastly denying it ever got their reservations or their money. That was not their problem; the clerks could iron it out. They had been traveling for 14 hours, but Franz and Hans, Ernst and Felix, Josef continued

BY BEARS GESMITTEN



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**MCDONNELL
DOUGLAS**



into the vehicles, while Cooper, alone for a moment, confided, "Next year, I'm told, I got the Saudis coming. How do I handle them?"

"Ho, to the prairie," Franz exulted as he was driven through an outer suburb of Pueblo "The rattlesnakes!"

Cooper looked at him, concerned. "No," he said, "we're heading for the K-Mart." The Americanization of the Austrians was proceeding apace.

Sadly, an axle or so over from stacks of Pampers, the Austrians learned that their beautiful feathered hunting caps would be verboten in Colorado, where the Wildlife Division regulations insist that at least 500 square inches of daylight fluorescent-orange material—which must include a hat—be worn above the waist. "In Austria always in the green coats like the forest," Ernst said wonderingly. "We try to hide from the animals." But, disciplined as always, he lined up with the others at the K-Mart checkout with his flame-orange baseball cap, his flame-orange plastic vest.

Then, at last, they headed west, first through arid country ("Where are cows? Where go the children to school?" asked Franz), then, climbing steadily, into the foothills of the Rockies until the altimeter, yes the altimeter, on Cooper's dash showed a bit over 9,800 feet. "Quakin" trees only just turned," Cooper said, indicating the bright gold aspens with a tilt of his head. "Three weeks late this year." It was oppressively hot, with no fresh snow on the mountains to force bear and elk down to the accessible lower forests. But he pointed to the crest of a ridge.

"Men!" he said in a declamatory tone that would become familiar, "last season I kill six, uh, six . . ."—he held up one hand and then flashed an additional digit—"grosse bears from that place." He stopped the pickup, and six pairs of binoculars scanned the ridge for the bears of '80, to murmurs of appreciation. "And the first two days of the elk season will be"—Cooper searched for a word from a quarter-century back—"prime!"

"Prime!" the Austrians echoed. Now the forest road had brought them to the town of Westcliffe, where, at the courthouse, they would buy their licenses.

They don't keep records of that kind of thing, but the visitation of the Austrians must have been the biggest day in a long while for the wildlife office in Westcliffe. And if Karl and Felix turned out as he dedicated in the pursuit of elk and bear as they were of Miss Duenna Hobby, the personable young lady on duty behind, fortunately, the counter, then they would surely head home with all the trophies they could carry. Bear-like grunts and unequivocal gestures, as Karl made his play, showed that the mo-



Some varieties of wildlife were not appreciated

res of Peterskirchen, Austria were not those of Westcliffe, Colorado. Miss Hobby yielded ground, squealing, but it was Westcliffe I, Peterskirchen zero.

By evening at the C3 ranch the gaiety had subsided a little on the discovery by the Austrians that the hunting season did not start until Saturday, this being Thursday. "So we kill nothing today or tomorrow?" Ernst asked disconsolately, and Cooper had to allow that this was correct. But there were things to do the next day. Zero in the rifles, freshen up the baits, catch some trout from the half-acre pond Cooper had dug out in the meadow. Also there would be entertainment.

And so there was that evening, but not before, from the hunters' rooms in the lodge, the clink of schnapps glasses and the sound of creamy-sweet Austrian music on tape. Then, downstairs came the

promised entertainment: another tape, one made by Cooper on a previous hunting trip. Twenty minutes and more of the hysterical, high-pitched yelping of his hound pack, and which could also be detected hysterical human screaming. "They got that of bear treeed right enough," said Cooper, serving as voice-over, savoring the recollection of the recorded hunt. "Golden bear that was, one of them cinnamon types. Hounds think they got him killed already," he said over a chorus of yelps and growls. "But they

was just keeping him up the tree till the hunter got there. Called him up on the CB, because not everybody can keep up with the hounds. Takes an hour sometimes till he gets up, so if the bear looks like comin' down we use sticks to poke him back up." Then, ending the tape, came the crack of a rifle and silence. "Get fired up every time I hear that," Cooper said. "Sells a lot of bear hunts too!"

"Weidmannsheit!" exclaimed Ernst, fired up too, raising his glass in a toast, an Austrian hunter's toast, he explained, and you had to be careful to raise your glass with the left hand "or one liter wine you pay!" Because, of course, you needed your right for girl-grabbing, something well known to Karl, whose plump arm had snaked out the minute Art's married daughter, Iris, appeared. Until Karl got worn out with hunting, it was clear he was going to be a one-man fleet coming to port in Westcliffe and the Wet Mountain Valley after years at sea, though now, elegantly suspended, he led the retreat to bed. Jet lag, at last, was getting to the group. "Schweinisch for breakfast in the morning," Cooper called after them, adding, sotto voce, that they'd better appreciate it. When the hunting started it would be 3:30 a.m. reveille and no time to sit over sausage.

Next morning, Wet Mountain Valley rang to shots as the Austrians zeroed in their weapons, and by midday they were in the vehicles, heading out to renew the bear baits. The dusty roads were deserted. Looking across the valley, Franz had one of his questions. "In this place there are skunks?" he wished to know. A wistful, plaintive note was creeping into his questions. So far there had been no ro-deos, no mustangs, no rattlesnakes, no

continued

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prairie dogs, no skunks to match up to the colorful Wild West reading he had plainly been indulging in for years. The first tree he'd seen, a stunted pine outside Pueblo, had elicited a "Ponderosa, nicht?"—and now there was not even a skunk around.

But the grudging fates had to give Franz a break sometime, and now, as the pickup he was riding in sped past some serene yellow ranchland, where, 300 yards from the road, a windmill powered the workings of a deep well, there came a shout from Cooper as he slammed the brakes on. There were a dozen small, tawny patches close to a trough fed by the well. Antelope. Rifle in hand, Franz was halfway out of the truck before he could be restrained and be told that antelope were verboten. But the sight had stirred him. He sat straighter. Something was coming true, after all.

A further reward awaited him when the convoy left the road, after an hour of jouncing and climbing had brought them to 11,000 feet, and a green silence as the forest closed in. The gray, ragged pulpits of rock could have hidden any beast in Franz's wildest dreams. "Bear country?" Cooper announced proprietorially, indicating blackened claw marks on aspen boles. "Old ones," he said, "but come look over here." The hunters followed him into the gloom. A rotten-ripe sweetness filled the air, drifting from dead boughs piled at the foot of a tree.

Closer up, they could see ancient, decaying melons, rank pieces of meat under the boughs of a sturdy aspen, and on the tree trunk itself, fresh white claw marks. "You men gonna kill grosse schwarze bear, hey?" Cooper exulted. "From right up there?" He pointed 25 feet up the tree trunk where, spiked and chained to the trunk, was a seat of sorts. "Afternoons," Cooper said, "every one of you gonna sit in a chair like that. Ain't gonna move, not even to scratch. Four, five hours you gonna sit, then maybe the grosse schwarze is gonna come rumbling out of the woods, and pow! you got a beautiful rug to take home."

Who could tell how much of this the hunters took in? Plainly, though, they caught the spirit, grinning eagerly, exclaiming in rapid German. The convoy moved on through the forest,

checking other bolts, other tree stands. Twice Cooper hammered in pitons as climbing aids on fresh trees, setting up new perches for his charges. Laboriously puffing and laughing, Felix and Karl checked them out, clambering up, posing for snapshots with rifles in hand. It was almost dark before they got back to the C5 ranch, not too dark, though, to prevent them from hauling some rainbow trout from Cooper's pond, to shouts and heavy *Wendmannsheit*-ing. Easy sport. The reality would come at dawn.

More precisely, in the predawn next morning, as the hunters moved blearily around the kitchen until the shout came, "Everybody into the ve-hicles!" Rifles upright at their sides, like motorized infantry, the Austrians moved out into the darkness of the Wet Mountain Valley. This first morning of the hunting season, elk was the target, and the party would split, three hunters heading north with Guy Cooper and Tony Supan, Art's son and son-in-law, respectively. The others would drive into the woods to the south as far as they could, then climb to rock ambush points that commanded meadowlike clearings at around 10,000 feet.

Even before the first light defined the pines on the next ridge, Franz was lying out on one of the rock escarpments. "I must shoot only the man elk," he had confirmed with Cooper when he was left

on station. The cold little wind that comes before dawn, noted by hunters and soldiers since Homer's time, passed over him, and then, as the sun came up, came big blasts of wind that howled like subway trains through the trees. Through the long morning, until the sun was high and hot, Franz covered the patch of grass below him, across which, had things gone right, a bull elk would have passed.

But nothing came. At about 9 a.m., from the north there was the noise of a small bottle, 40 or 50 rifle shots, and later in the morning other, lesser fusillades. "There are other hunters?" Franz inquired, puzzled. Like the rest of his party, it emerged later, he had believed he was shooting on a private tract, as would be the case in Europe. Nobody had thought to tell the Austrians of the frenzy that typifies Opening Day in America.

At midday, Felix and Karl, Tweedledum and Tweedledee, hiked wearily onto the scene, lay on the sun-warmed rocks and started snoring gently, but not before saying, "We see no game, only many, many hunters." Heading downhill later, they saw enough pickups on the forest trails to call for traffic cops, two full and festive campsites and a game warden quietly going out of his mind checking licenses; and when they rendezvoused with the horsemen for lunch, they discovered that they, too, had *continued*



Schappas gave way to champagne for the killed schwarzen Bear

seen no elk. The only bonus of the morning had been the sight of the high woods and the blazing gold of the turning aspens bordering the dark pines. "Mother Nature," Cooper said creamily, "sure knew how to put a beautiful frame on that picture, didn't she?" On this hunt there were moments when not knowing English could be a pure plus.

After lunch it was bear time, and that, too, for each of the hunters, turned out to be a long, wearisome, blank vigil. Except, in a small way, for Franz. "A skunk comes!" he said. "I ask him, go, go, go, because I wait for the bear." But you could detect a certain pleasure.

Back at 5 that night, the hunters were subdued, headed early to bed against another 3:45 a.m. call, and in the morning Cooper had them change style, walking them downhill through the dark timber in hope of a chance encounter with an elk scared by other hunters into movement. Once again, though, no morning elk. Instead, a bad tactical error by Cooper.

The previous day the hunters had carried lunch with them so that they could switch from bear to elk without loss of time, without returning home. On Day 2, though, Cooper allowed them to head back to the ranch for lunch, and as Jeanne Cooper cut sandwiches in the kitchen, there was time for schnapps to be poured upstairs, first consoling, then giving rise to Austrian thoughts of mutiny.

When they came downstairs, late and flushed, Felix seemed to have been nominated spokesman. More imminently explosive-looking than ever, he announced without preamble, "Austrian men do not climb up the trees. We wait at the bottom for the bear to come." The mutineers had other points: it was dangerous climbing down trees in the dark. Grants of assent; also, Cooper himself had told them that the bears usually came at sundown, around 7 p.m., so why did they have to get in the vehicles at 2:30 p.m.? "We stand behind the tree at five o'clock," Felix said stubbornly. "Then we shoot the bear, easy." In the meantime, they all waited a nap. Assenting grunts again.

At this classic guide's dilemma, Cooper's mustache drooped even lower. Do you make the clients happy by letting them do as they like, or do you discipline them for their own good? Weakly, he conceded and chose the former

course. O.K., he agreed, they could nap.

Rarely have mutineers had their comeuppance so swiftly. That afternoon, as Guy Cooper led the first man to his tree stand well after the recognized time, they disturbed a bear licking out a can of bacon grease, a sure kill had a hunter been in position. And in another part of the woods, Josef had arrived to find a bear at the bait. But the biggest fiasco of all had come at Felix's stand, and after dark that night, as the pickup arrived to collect him, he raved out the tale. "Six o'clock comes the bear!" he yelled. "Ein grosser schwarzer bear! He comes from behind to the meat and there is trees, trees! I cannot shoot," he ended tragically. Wafting from him on the evening air came the delicate odor of schnapps, the pear-flavored kind. Under grave and general suspicion of having brought a little something along to ease his vigil, Felix subsided into the truck, a mutineer no longer.

Only Josef turned out to have a small piece of luck. He'd gotten a coyote on the way home, leaping smartly from the vehicle for his shot. "This is a very young coyote," he had said dubiously, holding up the small beast by its tail, but the others, glad of anything, made a *Fest* of his success. Three bottles of California champagne were bought at the Westcliffe liquor shop and Josef soon shed his doubts. "Now you must cook the head for me," he told Cooper authoritatively. "so I may carry home the skull!"

"If this little bit of coyote gets three bottles of champagne," Guy Cooper asked nobody in particular, "when would an elephant get?" Next evening he would have an approximate answer.

In the morning all the Austrians wanted to talk about was bear. They had written off the elk hunting, though they dutifully went out and scored another blank, but a bear, experience had shown, was more than a possibility.

Now there would be discipline. Lunch was chaotic, schnapps-less. By 2 p.m. all six men were lined up, liveried in orange and ready for the vehicles, accepting the banner they had to take with resignation. "Karl," Guy said, "you gonna stay on the ground or go right up the tree where you belong?"

"Franz," Tony said, "ain't climbin' no tree, I swear!"

But Franz solemnly nodded his head. "Ja, I climb," he said. On the truck radio, as they rolled off, Willie Nelson was giving out with *Midnight Cowboy*. "Der Rock and Roll," Felix said. "I like. Please put me where I was last night. My bear will come back."

But it was to Franz the bear came that evening, five minutes before quitting time, at 6:55 p.m., the single shot echoing around the rocks of the hardscrabble country southwest of Canon City and the CB coming alive with Guy's voice crackling excitedly. "Franz got him a big black bear!"

And there he was, although diminished in death, undeniably a big black bear, 425 pounds of him, bloody-muzzled, shot through the lungs, lying in a small rivulet not 20 yards from the tree stand. If anyone had to kill him, maybe Franz, the oldest, the mildest man of the group, the Wild West romantic, was the just choice. Hans picked up some glory also. Paired with Franz on the stand, he had deliberately not fired, judging that Franz was in the better position for a clean shot, even though Hans had been the first to see the bear.

One day, when the taxidermist finishes with it, the great fur pelt will hang on the wall of an Austrian Gasthaus, but the first part of that last long journey was in the pickup, bouncing through the woods to retrieve Felix. "By the time we get to Felix, he'll be frozen," sang Guy in euphoric parody. In fact, Felix was sitting in the game warden's truck.

"I am asking him," Felix said later, "How many of these policemen like you are in this country?" He was speaking back at the ranch as the company fought its way through the 10 bottles of champagne that Franz thought worthy of his bear ("You sure you want 10?" the woman in the liquor store had asked. "I don't think I got 10." But she did.)

And so to a long, late night of *Weidmännchen*-ing, linked-arm dancing and singing, first Austrian yodeling songs, but in the end, with nightcaps of schnapps and elk hunting cancelled for next morning, the six, tutored by the guides, giving their all to *She'll Be Comin' Round the Mountain*.

Something that Cooper, next year, might not find so easy to manage with the arrival, presumably without schnapps and champagne, of the Saudis.

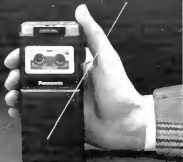


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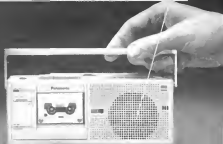
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I got the horse right here

So boasted every contestant in the \$50,000 World Series of Handicapping, as the country's top horseplayers raced neck-and-neck to the wire in a battle of the egos

Ask a horseplayer to rate himself as a handicapper and he'll probably give you one of three answers: (1) "I'm very good, but if I didn't have to work for a living, I'd be terrific"; (2) "better than most"; (3) "outsight." All locomotives, no cabooses. Aside from boxing promoters and baseball owners, handicappers have the biggest egos in sport, and, in truth, those who have proved themselves have every right to feel as they do. Let a top handicapper study a race long enough, get the proper set of conditions and have a horse that's in shape, and his selection will usually scoot home like a

leaf blown along by the wind. As the saying goes, "Good handicappers can pick winners in fire or flood, mire or blood," or words to that effect.

Movies and TV have stereotyped handicappers as either people with no soles on their shoes or guys with patent-leather hair who constantly shoot their cuffs to exhibit diamonds and gold. Proof positive that both characterizations are way off came two weeks ago when 65 of the best handicappers in the U.S. showed up at Penn National Race Course in Grantville, Pa. to determine which was the best in 1980. Who were they? Well, they certainly weren't the type of people who hang out in body and fender shops making calls to bookies.

Sudershan Singh, for instance, wore a blue turban and had played horses in New Delhi, India as well as Crete, Ill., where this year he won a handicapping contest at Balmoral by picking seven straight winners. Besides Singh, 54, who works as a computer supervisor in Chicago, present at Penn National were an electrician, a chemist, a plumber, a chauffeur, a restaurant owner, an antiques dealer, an assistant golf pro, an art director and an advertising writer. not to mention professional handicappers from some of the nation's most notable newspapers, including the *Baltimore Sun*, *New York Daily News*, *Washington Post* and *Philadelphia Inquirer*, and selectors for papers published in central Pennsylvania, where Penn National is located. In addition, there were representatives from just about every radio and TV station except WKRP in Cincinnati.

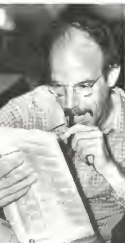
The event that brought them together labors under the title *The World Series of Handicapping*, but it's far from being another of those trashsports that TV

serves up with the regularity of designer jeans commercials. The World Series was inaugurated at Penn National five years ago with a winner-take-all prize of \$7,000. Since then the jackpot has grown to \$50,000, with first place worth \$30,000. And over the years the Series' field has grown from 50 handicappers to the 407 applicants who were willing to pay \$300 in entry fees this year. That number was cut to 240 by drawing lots, and that group was reduced to 40 finalists in four elimination rounds of 30 races each. The finalists were joined in the Series by the pro handicappers, who paid no entrance fees but gave the event publicity and credibility.

Penn National, a mile track with a fast turf course, is the perfect spot for such an event. Calling itself a "track for all seasons" because it runs year-around, Penn National is most beautiful in fall, when the late-afternoon sun bathes Blue Mountain and highlights the varied autumn foliage. The track's payoffs are pretty varied, too. In 1975, for instance, Cayuga Lake (50-1) and Josie's Star (45-1) ran through the twilight to a world-record \$2 daily double payoff of \$27,985.80 that still stands. For low payoffs, consider the \$4.50 that a \$3 quinnella of Sensitive Prince and Island Sultan yielded last year.

The handicappers who were at Penn National for the Series had only 30 hours to dope out 30 races, ranging from a five-furlong event on the turf to 1½ miles on dirt. Each of the 65 contestants started on Friday evening with a mythical \$1,000 bankroll and had to bet a minimum of \$2 on every race to win, place or show, no exotic wagering allowed. By the end of the 25th event, on Sunday, each player had to establish a high-limit bet in each of those three categories. A player's limit, of course, depended on either how high his handicapping skills had boosted his original bankroll or how well he had husbanded his stake. As any horseplayer knows, picking winners is only part of the game; money management—mainly determining how much to bet on a race and whether to bet to win, place or show—is the critical factor.

continued



The "Post's" Beyer chose charts over Chaucer

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The "cappers" arrived at Grantville armed with notebooks, charts and past performances. Some carried their data in handsome leather briefcases, others had car trunks stuffed with old Racing Forms; some had clipboards bearing sheets of paper covered with so many scribbles and asterisks they looked like alphabet soup infested with water bugs. One man kept his documents in two plastic laundry baskets.

As at any World Series, there had to be a favorite, in this case Andrew Beyer, 36, of the Washington Post. A few hours before the contest started, Beyer was jogging through Grantville in an outfit that included a T shirt from the 1978 Kentucky Derby (Affirmed's year). Many horseplayers consider him the best handicapper in the world. Beyer agrees with them. He is tall and thin, wears granny glasses and a scruffy mustache that might be described as one part Fu, no parts Manchu. When Beyer wears a large bet, his face takes on an almost beatific aura; let him lose a few and his countenance resembles an ill-tended grave.

Beyer is the guru of the "speed handicappers" and has written two excellent books on the subject: *Picking Winners: A Horseplayer's Guide and My \$50,000 Year at the Races*. That year was 1977, when Beyer won \$50,664 after starting out with a bankroll of \$8,000. As racing columnist for the Post, Beyer doesn't pick every race every day, but leads his readers to the promised land with information on only a few horses. At the track, however, he bets with both hands. He grew up in Erie, Pa. and went to Harvard, but failed to graduate when his final examination on Chaucer conflicted with Amberoid's Belmont Stakes.

Beyer entered the World Series in 1978, but admits he didn't prepare well enough for it. This year he bought stacks of charts and past performances from a news dealer in Harrisburg and studied them assiduously. "My figs should be all right," he said, "but I might just make one big move and try to win the \$30,000 that way. It depends on how things go early on for me. It's going to be 30 hours of hell. I know several of the people in the contest and they are tough—really tough. The fellow who won last year, Hirsimaki, could be strong again. He's strictly a show bettor but good at it."

Paul Hirsimaki, 32, is a pleasant, thoughtful and tidy man who lives in Vi-



Close, but no cigar for the pipe-smoking Bell

enna, Va., and works as a naval architect for the Coast Guard in Washington, D.C. In 1979 Hirsimaki cashed enough show bets to win the Series with an imaginary total of \$4,782. That earned him \$26,730 in real money.

"Seven years ago I was driving around Jefferson County, W. Va. just looking at scenery when I came upon Shenandoah



Singh was left singing the old tap-out blues

Downs," Hirsimaki says. "I'd never been to a racetrack before and had heard most of the bad stories about such places. But I drove in anyway and asked a parking lot attendant if anyone really ever won money inside. He said, 'Yes.' Well, I drove around a little but longer and decided to go in. Made six bets and lost them all, but I enjoyed the atmosphere. For a long time I went back and never won more than \$18 in any one day.

"Then I was sent to San Diego to work, and on a day off I tried Del Mar. I felt it would be my lucky day," Hirsimaki pauses briefly, recalling his bets the way a good baseball manager can recollect the pitches and plays in a vital game months afterward. "I won \$20 on the first race and lost it all on Royal Fols in the second. I felt like leaving, but bet \$4 on a horse and got back \$64. I ended up \$120 ahead for the day. After that I became a real fan, read everything I could. I entered the contest in 1979 and won with my last bet in the final race. *Good Morning America* did a segment on my win, and some Navy friends saw it and called. They had no idea I was a handicapper."

For this year's contest, a large part of the ground floor of Penn National was roped off and filled with tables covered with blue cloths. Each player sat under a sign bearing his name, hometown and occupation. On one wall was a huge leader board, similar to the ones seen at golf tournaments. The players had to make their selections seven minutes before post time, at which point each handicapper's choice was hung beneath his name card so the track's patrons, looking in from outside the ropes, could see how the experts figured the race. Then the patrons would scurry off to the windows.

On the first day, Hirsimaki took an early lead, but in the 15th race he bet his roll of \$1,625 to show on a horse named The Ryles in a mile race for \$2,500 claimers. The Ryles finished fourth, beaten out of third by half a length. Hirsimaki had tapped out.

At the end of Saturday, the second day of competition, the leader was David Bell, 36, of Manchester, Mo., who attained his lead by hitting on eight of his 10 bets that day, boosting his bankroll to \$3,009.60. "The 'roll isn't imaginary at all," he said. "It's more than cash money. I'm a good handicapper, but I've never been through any pressure like this thing puts you through."

Even Bell's wife, Laura, was puzzled

continued

by her husband's reaction to playing in the Series. "Don't ask me why he has that big cigar in his mouth," she said. "He smokes a pipe. Yes, he wears the cowboy hat all the time and looks good in it, but I don't know where that cigar came from. He's an excellent handicapper but hasn't slept a wink since he's been in Grantville. He stays up all night picking and going over his figures."

Bell puts out a tip sheet called STATS (Statistical Trends and Track Selections) and sells it at nearby Fairmount Park and Cahokia Downs as well as at Oaklawn Park in Hot Springs, Ark. "I got into this contest because I wanted to show people I'm a good handicapper," he said, "and also that guys who put out tip sheets aren't just touts and bluffs. Last year I made \$100,000 with my sheet and I don't pick favorites. I had 28% winners on the year. When newspaper handicappers pick winners they have their winners pointed out in their papers. That never happens with guys like me."

"I worked for E.F. Hutton as a stockbroker in St. Louis," Bell continued, "but felt I could do this better and make more money. I finished fifth in my qualifying round, and got only \$75 for it, but it put me in the finals. I've just got to make a couple of right moves and I might be able to win the whole thing."

Bell didn't make the right moves, per-

haps because three of the races run on Sunday, the final day of the Series, were on grass. Fairmount, Cahokia and Oaklawn have no grass racing.

For most of the first two days, Beyer kept his own counsel, but then, early on Sunday morning, he said, "I'll make my move in the fourth race today on a horse named See I.A. I've got a fig on him you wouldn't believe."

Although See I.A. had won only one of its last 20 starts, Beyer bet the \$652 left in his bankroll to win. When his wager showed beneath his name card, fans began marching to the windows to bet See I.A. Then Beyer looked back at the card of Bo Runkle, a Series contestant who earns his living betting horses at Penn National. Runkle had a bigger bankroll than Beyer and was wagering \$1,000 to win and \$1,000 to place on See I.A. At one point the horse had been 11-1 on the odds board, but with Beyer and Runkle putting huge chunks of their contest money on See I.A., the odds plummeted to 4-1. See I.A. won by half a length, and Beyer, with \$3,326, moved up to third place, but Runkle, the second-place finisher in 1979, boomed to \$8,715.20, a lead of some \$4,700 over second-place Sam Perillo. It was obvious to most observers that the World Series of Handicapping was over for 1980.

Perillo didn't think so. He had played

well throughout and had put \$200 on See I.A. Perillo, a 55-year-old employee of Mailers Union II in Cicero, Ill., has been betting horses for 35 years. One race after the Series seemed finished, Perillo made one of the biggest bets of his life, wagering \$1,800 to win on a 4-1 shot, Bright Treasure, in a turf race. The 9-year-old gelding stayed off the early pace and then ran to the wire like a mouse to cheese. Perillo won \$9,180, boosting his bankroll to \$11,160.60. Now the Series was really over. There were five races left, but nobody could catch Perillo. Runkle finished second.

"If I had to give people advice about handicapping," Perillo said afterward, "I would say run away from trainers' tips and don't try to bet every race. If I don't like a certain jockey and feel he's a bad rider, I'll pass the race even though the jockey may get lucky, win and cost me money. But the most important thing about handicapping is managing your money."

"In the years I've been betting I've driven a lot of bad iron around Cicero because I lost money and couldn't afford good cars. I haven't had that problem in about five years, ever since I locked myself in my room at home for a week. I went over my figures and saw how I had bet on horses and had made a lot of stupid moves in the management of money on those bets. I had friends who would follow me over a mountain with my selections and would make money from them because they knew how to manage it. The way I handicap is to look through the past performances, watch the races and take notes on my program. Then I see the races played back on videotape and take more notes. When the day's over, I go home and translate those notes into a book. I keep about eight months of charts in my house so I can refer to them."

The races Perillo enjoys betting on most are those on turf, or "weeds," as many handicappers call them. "So many things happen in grass races," Perillo says, "that you can often pick up a horse that'll win its next start if you've noticed that the horse was blocked trying to get through a hole or went wide." Two races before winning for Perillo, Bright Treasure had run at Penn National and been severely impeded. And Sam had noted that before he picked the horse which made him, for this year, at least, America's best handicapper.



Penn National's John Shamaker congratulates Perillo (right), who finds the grass is always greener.

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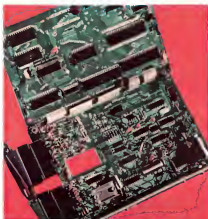
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Cut 'em off with a pass

There were six minutes and 16 seconds left on the clock in last Saturday's game between Brigham Young and the University of Texas-El Paso when Cougar Coach LaVell Edwards decided to give his quarterback, Jim McMahon, a rest. McMahon had earned it. He had directed BYU to a 42-0 lead, throwing for 372 yards and five touchdowns. It was the kind of outstanding performance that would keep him squarely in the running for the Heisman Trophy. But then perhaps "outstanding" is an understatement. You see, when Edwards pulled McMahon there were six minutes and 16 seconds left in the first half.

Eventually, BYU won the game 83-7, setting a school and Western Athletic Conference record for points scored. McMahon's first-half heroics established NCAA records. His halftime total of 384 yards, which included a 32-yard scramble, broke the NCAA single-half mark of 358 set by McMahon himself two weeks earlier in a 70-46 rout of Utah State. His passing total surpassed the single-half mark of 343 set by Illinois' Dave Wilson three weeks ago. This was the seventh time this season McMahon had amassed more than 300 yards of total offense, and that tied a single-season NCAA mark set by Rice's Tommy Kramer in 1976 and tied by last year's BYU quarterback, Marc Wilson. In McMahon's case, however, the seven 300-yard games have been consecutive. He extended his own NCAA record in that category.

As astonishing as McMahon's performance might seem to those who haven't been following Cougar football, it was hardly surprising to the 36,251 spectators in BYU Stadium. Aerial bombardments have been commonplace at BYU since 1972, when Edwards took over and decided to emphasize the pass. And since Doug Scovil joined Edwards' staff as offensive coordinator in 1976, BYU has spent more time in the air than TWA.

In fact, in the four years since Scovil went to Provo the Cougars have led the nation in passing three times. The only year they didn't, 1978, Scovil was on sabbatical with the Chicago Bears. The two BYU quarterbacks he coached before this

Brigham Young's offensive philosophy is that the quickest and easiest way into the other guy's end zone is to throw the ball and leave the running to the track team

year, Wilson and Gifford Nielsen, both made All-America teams, and his newest pupil, McMahon, although only a junior, is a legitimate Heisman candidate. After eight games McMahon leads the nation—and his better-known quarterback rivals for the Heisman, Ohio State's Art Schlichter and Purdue's Mark Herrmann—in passing yards with 2,929 and touchdown passes with 31. Meanwhile, the Cougars have all but locked up their fourth national passing crown. Following the rout of UTEP, BYU led the nation with an average of 394.5 passing yards per game. Its closest challenger, Purdue, was way back at 286.

What's more, the Cougars are winning despite the oft-cited axiom that 300-yard passing days most often occur in defeat. At BYU the truth is that winning didn't become a way of life until Edwards decided the Cougars would live by the pass. And since Scovil arrived, Brigham Young has not only passed as never before but also won as never before.

Before 1976 the Cougars had won just two WAC championships and had never had more than eight wins. Since 1976 BYU has won four straight WAC titles and no fewer than nine games a season. Last year the Cougars were 11-0 in the regular season and their average winning margin was more than four touchdowns. They missed an unbeaten season by just one point, losing 38-37 to Indiana in the Holiday Bowl. This

year, after an opening upset loss to New Mexico, they have won seven straight and are now within a bomb or three of a fifth straight conference crown.

Needless to say, Scovil's approach is hertty to the coaching fraternity, most of whose members live by the ancient adage that only three things can happen when you throw a football, and two of them are bad. By contrast, Scovil defines the pass as "the best and easiest way

continued



McMahon is the latest leader of the Cougars' aerial circus

to move the football." But, Doug, isn't passing dangerous? Isn't the best offense supposed to be the one that avoids unnecessary risks? "Yeah, yeah, yeah," says Scovill, "but that's no fun."

Scovill, who calls all the Cougars' plays, doesn't hesitate to put theory into practice. The first time BYU had the ball against UTEP he called five straight passes. McMahon completed four of them, the last for 24 yards to Tight End Clay Brown, and the Cougars led 6-0. The next time they got the ball McMahon rolled left and lofted a 45-yard bomb to Wide Receiver Lloyd Jones. That scoring drive took one play and six seconds. McMahon had thrown 10 passes before he handed off for the first time, and then it was on a draw. It gained 11 yards. The only other BYU run in the first quarter was McMahon's 12-yard scramble. "Around here we don't pass to set up the run," says Wide Receiver Bill Davis, one of nine Cougars to catch a pass Saturday. "We just pass and keep on passing."

It was early in the second quarter and the score had risen to 21-0, on another McMahon-to-Brown touchdown pass, before Scovill called the Cougars' first no-frills running play. It was an end sweep by Homer Jones and came as such a surprise that the Miners' linebackers were caught backpedaling into pass coverage. Jones gained 14 yards. The next run came at the end of that series, on second-down from UTEP's one-yard line, and it was called only after the Cougars had failed to score with a pass on first down. Homer Jones was again the runner and he went into the end zone standing up. That was apparently enough running plays for BYU. On the Cougars' next two possessions McMahon took them 48 and 46 yards for scores, with each drive consisting of just two passes and consuming less than one minute of play. That made it 42-0 and finished McMahon off for the first half. He had thrown 28 passes and the Cougars had run the ball five times.

McMahon returned to the game for the first two series of the second half and ended completing 28 of 36 for 451 yards. Three of his passes were dropped, including a 50-yarder on the first series of the second half. On the next series, however, McMahon drove the Cougars 90 yards

in seven plays for yet another score. He passed for 85 of those yards, completing five of his six throws. The final pass, a nine-yarder to Wide Receiver Matt Braga, was McMahon's sixth touchdown toss of the day. "Jim throws the ball pretty well," deadpanned Edwards afterward.

Funny thing, Edwards seemed the least likely person to turn Brigham Young into a passing powerhouse when he became the coach. He had been a defensive coach at BYU for the previous



Wired for battle: Bombs Away Scovill plans the attack

10 years, and he still swears that defense wins football games, although he's willing to admit that 83 points is a pretty good defense against any opponent. As a defensive assistant, however, he had found that a well-conceived passing attack gave him more problems than anything else. Most important, Edwards wanted a recruiting advantage. With so many teams running option offenses, he thought there would be less competition for skilled passers and receivers.

Yet though the Cougars have repeatedly come up with top quarterback talent, it isn't because they've outrecruited anybody. Instead, they've generally had to settle for players no one else wanted. Edwards' first good passer was Gary Sheide, who finished second in the

NCAA in 1973 and 1974 and was drafted by the Cincinnati Bengals. He was virtually unknown when he came to BYU after two years at a junior college he had attended to sharpen his baseball skills. His successor, Nielsen, who finished sixth in the 1976 Heisman voting and was a favorite for the trophy the following year before being sidelined by torn knee ligaments, was a local boy who grew up four blocks from the BYU campus. He's also a Mormon, so there was little doubt that he would attend Mormon-sponsored Brigham Young. Not that anybody much cared. In high school Nielsen was slow as foot as a Wishbone quarterback and had never demonstrated any passing ability. It wasn't until his third year at BYU that he finally chose football over basketball.

When Nielsen moved on to the Houston Oilers, Marc Wilson became the regular and thereupon set 13 NCAA records to finish third in the Heisman race before being drafted in the first round by the Oakland Raiders. The Cougars had to go to the state of Washington to get Wilson, but he too was a Mormon and had been largely overlooked by recruiters after missing most of his senior year with a broken jaw. McMahon is another Utah boy, a Catholic who wanted to go to Notre Dame but wasn't recruited by the Irish.

Unquestionably, the best recruit Edwards ever signed was Scovill. Scovill had always been associated with top quarterbacks. As a collegian he succeeded Eddie LeBaron as signal caller at the University of the Pacific. He coached Roger Staubach at Navy and in the late '60s, while head coach at his alma mater, he tutored Bob Lee, who's still making a living as an NFL quarterback. After that he spent six years working on Dick Nolan's San Francisco 49er staff. When Nolan was fired, Scovill decided he was ready to "do things my way," but was unable to land a job as an offensive coordinator in the NFL. Eventually he got in touch with Edwards, who offered him just the inducement he was looking for. Edwards handed Scovill the BYU playbook and told him he could do whatever he wanted with it.

What Scovill has done is install a complicated passing game and then drill the Cougars until they execute it to perfection. In large measure it succeeds because

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the Cougars emphasize it so strongly. "For 2½ hours at practice almost all the quarterbacks and receivers do is throw and catch," says Davis. "Our execution level is incredibly high." Scovill estimates, for instance, that the Cougars can complete a basic seven-yard sideline pass eight of 10 times. This precision is rough on opponents, who have just one week to get ready for the BYU aerial fireworks after spending the rest of the year defending run-oriented option offenses.

Yet Scovill's sophisticated attack would baffle even the best-prepared opponents. BYU quarterbacks spend freshman year learning the system on the junior varsity and then are redshirted for a season before they are deemed ready to handle the offense. Receivers need almost as much schooling, because Scovill's system requires that each knows all the other receivers' routes as well as his own. On most plays there are five receivers in the pattern. To tax defenses further, Scovill alternates both wide receivers on every play to keep a fresh pair in the game at all times. Orchestrating the whole attack is Scovill himself, calling the plays from a list he prepares after studying the opponent all week. "The year he was with the Bears we had the same offense," says Davis, "but the guy calling the plays just didn't have Doug's feel for the game. We finished eighth in passing. It was such a letdown."

"There's no question that it's the system that makes the quarterback here, not the other way around," says McMahon, who's not known for his modesty. Indeed, before this season got under way he was talking about the Heisman. But why not? In 1978 McMahon split time with Wilson and eventually was named the All-WAC quarterback ahead of Marc. Last year, while McMahon was redshirting to rest a surgically repaired left knee, he watched as Wilson became an All-America and the top vote getter at his position in the Heisman balloting.

At 6'1", 180 pounds, McMahon is smaller than either Nielsen or Wilson, both of whom stood 6'5", but he's quicker and has a stronger arm. When he cocks that arm, it makes a grinding noise, the result of bone fragments left over from a high school shoulder separation. Off the field McMahon wears glasses to improve the vision in his right eye. The pupil there is a trifle egg-shaped. At the age of six he was trying to untie his shoelaces with a fork and ended up sticking it in his

eye. But he has no visual aid on the playing field. "I've got radar," he says with an easy smile. "I can see the color of the jerseys and that's enough."

Or, as UTEP will testify, more than enough.

THE WEEK

by HERM WEISKOPF

SOUTHWEST

Arkansas started fast and Texas came on strong, but both were SWC upset victims. The Hogs, despite the absence of several injured players, led Rice 16-0 in the fourth period. But then the Owls, who, Coach Ray Alborn said, "had just gotten a bellyful of losing," put on a memorable rally behind the passing of Randy Hertel. Kenneth Sam wrapped it up with a 31-yard field goal 17 seconds from the end, giving Rice a 17-16 victory. Playing before a home crowd in Lubbock, Tech scored 17 first-quarter points in slightly more than four minutes and went in front 24-0. Texas finally got going and cut the deficit to 24-20 by halftime, but that's the way the score wound up as the Red Raiders dealt the Longhorns their second straight loss.

Lending some sanity to the conference were Southern Methodist, a 27-0 winner over Texas A&M, and Houston, which defeated Texas Christian 37-5. SMU, which assured itself of a winning season for the first time since 1974, scored its first two touchdowns on long runs—59 yards by Byron Hunt after he blocked an Aggie punt and 66 yards by John Simmons on a punt return. Houston runners tore through TCU's Kleeen defense for 507 yards, a not-to-be-boosted-at 143 of them by Brent Chinn, the most ever by a Cougar quarterback.

BAYLOR (7-1)
SMU (6-2) TEXAS (5-2)

WEST

John Elway's fancy passing was no passing fancy. The Stanford quarterback kept firing away against Oregon State and when he was through he had set Pac-10 records for the most touchdown passes in a game (six) and in a season (25). Four of the scoring passes were caught by Ken Margerum for another Pac-10 mark. Elway, who has thrown 11 TD passes in two weeks, connected on 26 of 33 throws for 314 yards as the Cardinals prevailed 54-13.

WHAT'S WRONG WITH THE TROJANS? asked a headline in a Los Angeles newspaper. Another read: AT L.A., FANS WANT MORE THAN YOUR BASIC OFFENSE. Trojan fans, so accustomed to pile-up-the-points-and-yardage vic-

tories, were apparently far from happy with their team. Not that being 5-0-1 was bad, but USC simply wasn't crunching opponents this year. The Trojans presumably got the headlines and fans off their backs with one of those old-fashioned weapons—60-7 over California. Marcus Allen scored twice and gained 133 of Southern Cal's 311 yards on the ground. Gordon Adams passed for 154 yards and, like his backup, Scott Tinsley, unfurled two touchdown throws. USC's defense put Rich Campbell, the Golden Bears' fine quarterback, out of commission in the first quarter. Campbell had surgery the next day for torn ligaments in his left knee and was through for the season.

Washington Coach Don James, annoyed by the previous week's 24-10 loss to Navy, devised a simpler game plan for Arizona State by chucking out some of his more sophisticated offensive patterns. James also stressed the basics to his defensive unit. It all worked. Washington won 25-0. Tom Flick of the Huskies passed for 162 yards, Washington runners gained 163 yards, Chuck Nelson booted three field goals, and the defense pounced on five fumbles and intercepted a pass.

Brigham Young doesn't have the only gifted passer in the WAC. Steve Fairchild of first-place Colorado State continued to prove this, raising his season's passing yardage to 2,098. After Wyoming had taken a 25-21 lead with 48 seconds to go, Fairchild rallied the Rams for a third and final time. It took him just 44 seconds and five straight completions to pull out a 28-25 victory, the finishing touch coming on a 19-yard pass to Mike Camp. The first three passes during that drive were to Split End Tony Goodby, who gained 189 yards on a school-record 11 receptions.

USC (6-0-1)
UCLA (6-1) WASHINGTON (6-2)

EAST

While Alabama and UCLA, the only teams ranked ahead of Notre Dame, were upset, the Irish prevailed 33-0 over Navy. Notre Dame's Jim Stone scored on a 13-yard run, set up a touchdown with a 73-yard gain and finished with 211 yards rushing in this game at New Jersey's Meadowlands. It was Stone's fourth consecutive 100-yards-or-better game, breaking the team record held by one George Gipp. Harry Oliver also set a record for the Irish by raising his season's field-goal total to 15 with boots of 41 and 50 yards.

Two Eastern teams—Pitt and Penn State—were also bound to move up in the polls as a result of the biggest flurry of upsets this year (page 34). With its defense holding Syracuse to a mere 62 yards rushing, Pittsburgh earned a 43-6 triumph. The most intimidating Panther defender was, as usual, End Hugh Green, who was at his best after the Orangemen intercepted a pass at their own 42 in the second quarter. On the next three plays, Green held

continued

Joe Morris to a two-yard gain, sacked David Warner for an eight-yard loss and tackled Ken Mandeville for a one-yard loss on a third-down pass. But Warner became the first player to run for a TD against Pitt this season when he cracked over from the one on the final play of the first half. Randy McMillan of the Panthers, who picked up 136 yards, scored on second-period runs of 39 and 45 yards. Pitt's last scores came when Dwight Collins and Rick Troceno combined on pass plays covering 54 and eight yards. In all, Troceno passed for 276 yards, completing 20 of 35.

Miami's hopes of upsetting Penn State for the second year in a row rested on the arm of Jim Kelly, who had passed the Hurricanes to victory last season, and on its stout defense. Kelly had little success this time, and the Hurricane defense gave up 659 yards, almost twice its average. What's more, Miami gained just 48 yards rushing and had six turnovers. The Nittany Lions, 27-12 winners, got 146 yards rushing from Curt Warner and scored on two 25-yard passes. Kenny Jackson grabbed the first, from Tailback Joel Cole, and Vuyo Kab caught the other, thrown by Quarterback Todd Blackledge.

Lenore Brouer ran for a school-record 302 yards as Miami beat Northeastern.

Yale, with Rich Dana rumbling for 124 yards, defeated Dartmouth 35-7 to remain unbeaten in Ivy League play. Princeton downed Penn 28-21 and Harvard held off Brown 17-16 in other Ivy games. In non-league games, Bucknell drubbed Cornell 33-16 and Holy Cross whitewashed Columbia 26-0.

PITT (7-1)

PENN STATE (7-1) SYRACUSE (4-4)

MIDWEST Although Nebraska was favored, Missouri had reason to be optimistic: The Tigers had won their last three games in Lincoln. However, despite six Husker turnovers, Missouri lost 38-16. Nebraska won largely because it was more opportunistic. Jarvis Redwine scoring on a 15-yard scamper after the Tigers lost a fumble at their own 26 and Kim Baker picking off a Missouri pass and returning it 77 yards for another score. Most of the Huskers' 331 yards on the ground were gotten by Redwine (129) and Andra Franklin, who slammed through for 122. Jeff Quinn kept the Tigers guessing by interspersing 16 passes, 11 of them good, for 151 yards, among the running plays. The one that had the most melodic ring to it was a 17-yard touchdown pass from Jeff Quinn to Jeff Finn. By winning, Nebraska took a half-game lead over Oklahoma in the Big Eight race.

Included in last week's parcel of surprises was Colorado's 17-9 defeat of Iowa State. The Buffaloes, who had lost seven games in a row, outstrated the Cyclones 307 yards to 96, built a 17-0 advantage and then hung on.

Kerwin Bell, the No. 2 freshman ground-gainer in the nation, ran for 216 yards as Kansas won 20-18 at Kansas State. With 932 yards rushing, Bell has already become the Big Eight's all-time leading freshman runner.

Two NCAA career records were surpassed by Purdue's Mark Herrmann during a 52-31 victory at Northwestern. Herrmann replaced SMU's Chuck Hason as the leader in completions with 651 and Georgia's Zeke Bratkowski as the leader in interceptions with 69. Before leaving with a twisted right ankle, Herrmann was on target with 17 of 21 passes for 210 yards and three touchdowns. Jimmy Smith of the Boiler-makers ran for 190 yards and three touchdowns and also caught a nine-yard scoring pass. The Wildcats had some impressive numbers, too. Split End Todd Sheets caught 11 passes and tied a Big Ten mark by amassing 226 yards' worth of receptions. And Northwestern's Mike Kerrigan set a school record by throwing 47 passes. He was good on 23 of them, for 316 yards and four touchdowns.

Ohio State and Michigan romped to easy wins to remain tied with Purdue for the top spot in the Big Ten. Art Schlichter of the Buckeyes threw two touchdown passes to Gary Williams, completed 10 of 22 for 212 yards and ran for 46 yards and one touchdown. That was just part of 603 yards in total offense by Ohio State as it rolled past Michigan State 48-16. Michigan defeated Indiana 35-0 as Lawrence Ricks scored on runs of 29 and three yards within a span of 28 seconds.

Dana Noel ran back a kickoff 93 yards for a touchdown in the fourth quarter to give Minnesota a 21-18 victory at Illinois. A big play also helped Iowa to knock off Wisconsin 22-13. Pete Gales firing a 54-yard scoring pass to Keith Chappelle.

Western Michigan clung to its Mid-American lead—barely. Ohio, which had moved from its own 34 to inside Western's one, wound up a 13-7 loser when a plunge on the game's last play was stopped short. Second-place Central Michigan piled up 425 yards on the ground, held Eastern Michigan to 17 yards rushing and won 51-15.

Walker Ross, it's a name worth remembering. Some big-time teams will surely try to land Ross for next season considering his performances at Anoka-Ramsey Community College in Minnesota. Last Saturday Ross ran for 404 yards and three touchdowns in 26 carries during a 64-7 drubbing of lower Hills in a junior college game. Ross has run for 1,546 yards in eight games.

NOTRE DAME (7-0)

NEBRASKA (7-1) OHIO STATE (7-1)

SOUTH "I wasn't anywhere near him as a freshman," said George Rogers, South Carolina's powerful senior fullback, of Georgia's Herschel Walker. In a confrontation of the two super runners, Walker

lugged the ball 43 times for 219 yards and broke loose for the game's biggest gainer, a 76-yard scoring jaunt that put the Bulldogs ahead 10-0 in the third period. The Gamecocks narrowed the score to 13-10 and seemed to be on their way to a go-ahead touchdown. But Rogers, who gained 168 yards in 35 carries, lost a fumble at the Georgia 17 with 5:22 left. Rex Robinson had given the Bulldogs a 3-0 halftime advantage with a 57-yard field goal and later kicked a 51-yarder.

Louisiana State recovered four Mississippi fumbles during a 38-16 SEC victory. Surprising Florida knocked off Auburn 21-10 for its sixth win in seven outings. In non-conference games, Kentucky lost to Tulane 24-22. Tennessee was upended by Virginia 16-13, and Vanderbilt ended a nine-game losing streak by beating Memphis State 14-10. Tulane won when Vince Manolia kicked a 22-yard field goal after time ran out, his attempt being allowed because the Wildcats had been called for pass interference on the final play and a game cannot end on a defensive foul.

Tulsa's defense was done in by the passing of Florida State's Rick Stockstill in the first half and by the running of Sam Platt in the second half. Stockstill's 14-for-18 passing resulted in 171 yards and two TDs, and Platt gained 113 yards. The Golden Hurricane offense was no less sorely tried, suffering nine

PLAYERS OF THE WEEK

OFFENSE: Steve Fanchrich, Colorado State's senior quarterback, passed for a team-record 406 yards as he completed 28 of 35 throws. His third touchdown loss of the day, with four seconds left, defeated Wyoming 28-25.

DEFENSE: Billy Jackson, a 6' 1", 215-pound freshman end, helped Mississippi State shock Alabama 6-3. He made 12 unassisted tackles, had three sacks and recovered two fumbles, the second proving to be the game-winner.

quarterback sacks and failing to score after getting a first down inside the Seminole one. It all added up to a 45-2 Florida State romp.

A 35-0 triumph over Marshall gave Furman its first outright Southern Conference title. During a 35-3 defeat of Wakeford, Lavonia Albert (Stump) Mitchell of The Citadel ran for 179 yards to become the Division I-A leader in rushing yardage (1,264) and per-game average (158).

Maryland kept its ACC hopes alive by handing North Carolina State its first shutout in 113 games, 24-0. Charlie Wysocki of the Terps bullied his way for 132 yards and a touchdown, and sophomore John Nash, on the first carry of his career, dashed 30 yards for another six-pointer.

GEORGIA (8-0)

ALABAMA (7-1) FLORIDA STATE (8-1)

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**Go
Li**

Up on Howard's Knob, a peak of the Blue Ridge Mountains in northwest North Carolina, is the world's biggest windmill, an electric-power generator co-built by NASA and the Department of Energy—the distance between the tips of opposing vanes is greater than the wingspan of a 747. It dominates the area for miles around. And down in the "holler" in the town of Boone, a couple of hours' drive from Billy Graham's house and a stone's throw from the 20th century, Hank Steinbrecher, 33, the energetic soccer coach of Appalachian State University, regards the immense contraption from a campus window. "We're a lot like Don Quixote," he says, "but our windmill is the NCAA soccer championship. I think we might do better than the Don."

With his gate-toothed smile and enormous mustache, Steinbrecher looks more like Sancho Panza than Quixote. But if his dream comes true, it will be against impressive odds. The big question on the college soccer scene this year has been: "Appa who?"

The answer is Appalachian State, which last week clung to the No. 8 national ranking in the NCAA first division. Although ASU has made brief showings in the Top 20 since soccer became a varsity sport at the 10,000-student school in 1971 and has won top honors in the Southern Conference in seven of the last eight years, the Mountaineers were unranked at the beginning of this season. Nevertheless, they knocked off Clemson, the South's dynastic soccer power and the 1979 NCAA runner-up, 3-2 in October. Since then they've fashioned seven shutouts, outscored the opposition 102-13, and have a record of 13-2-0.

And they did it all with a bunch of good ol' boys with good ol' names like Thompson Usiyan. He's a transcendently gifted striker and a leading candidate for the Herman Trophy—soccer's Heisman. The Mountaineers' roster also includes Emmanuel Igbeke, like Usiyan a Nigerian, an Englishman, a Chilean and a lad from Guyana nicknamed "Kool-Aid," in addition to a few hotshots from Florida's Miami-Dade soccer program.

It's happy days at Appy

Appalachian State is in the Top 10 thanks to a coach who knows the value of an African connection and understands that meal books go right to a player's heart



Usiyan, Esabamen, Igbeke and Layne (left to right) find the coach warm. The weather cold in Boone.

In fact, only three players on the 18-man team are from North Carolina.

At the center of it all is Steinbrecher, a redneck from Red Hook, a Brooklyn German-American. After playing soccer in New York's lusty schwarz and blau German-American League, he honed his coaching methods at tiny Warren Wilson College in Swannanoa, N.C. Now in his third year at ASU, he deals with the various talents, egos, styles and problems of his international team with hustle, humor, philosophy and compassion.

"Hey, I grew up in Brooklyn, man," Steinbrecher says, "and if you couldn't deal with a lot of ethnic minorities, understand their thinking and their ways, somebody else ate your lunch. A lot of people think I'm good at managing all those different nationalities, but sometimes I have a Nigerian in one room pout-

ing and a South American in another yelling for a piece of the guy. I run back and forth between them like a Henry Kissinger in sneakers.

"When I first came here three years ago, there were foreigners already playing, and I didn't realize we had a language problem. I gave my first team talk on a Monday and told them that we'd have a team meal before the Saturday game. A Nigerian player showed up for dinner on Tuesday. Back to square one. I told him, 'Sun come up four time. Sun go down four time. Then eat lion.'" Steinbrecher tells the story in perfect Weissmuller/Tarzan. He also does excellent Spanish, British, North Carolina and, naturally, German accents. Sometimes he gets hunger pangs for New York ("I want a dell with real rice pudding"), maybe because some of his biggest prob-

continued

lems at ASU have to do with the chow line, which must at times seem like the bottom line at ASU. "I read the other day that the University of San Francisco—they're ranked No. 1 now—has a travel budget of \$17,000," he says. "Our whole program doesn't get that much!"

Steinbrecher's players are fanatically loyal to him for a variety of reasons. Says George Duprey, a junior defender from Miami, "Coach has taught us a lot about brotherhood and how to get by on a little money. Like, if we go to one of those \$2.99 steak places, one guy buys the salad bar, where you can go back as much as you want, and then we pass the bowl around to everybody for refills."

"The magic word around here is 'meal book,'" says Steinbrecher. "It's a book of tickets for the campus cafeterias. My first year, a Nigerian player told me, 'I score many goals. You give me white boots, tight pants and many meal books.' He got the boots." In fact, there is always grumbling by players for meal books. "We can't afford a training table," says Steinbrecher. "You should see our guys when they watch the football team chow down. Their eyes get funny."

Steinbrecher may kid about food, but he provides solid on-field fare for his squad. They play a grown-up 4-4-2 formation, working the ball out to the wingers from a line of powerful internationals who play the middle positions.

"Since Usiyan is so well marked most of the time, putting him out on the wing

confuses opponents and it takes a defender away from the goal," says Steinbrecher. "It creates space for other threats." Indeed, another Nigerian, Kingsley Essabamen, a free-roving defender, has exploded with 12 goals this season.

But the heart of the team is "Tommy" Usiyan. He has scored more than 100 goals in his college career, despite playing only three games last year before being sidelined with a knee injury. A hot pro prospect, Usiyan has the bearing of an African prince and the easy smile of an undergraduate. He remains shyly modest about his abilities and the attention he attracts.

"The only thing I don't like about ASU is the cold," he says quietly, shivering on a crisp, 50° fall day. "The coach makes us very warm, though. It is very difficult to gain the respect of Nigerian players. We are very headstrong. But Hank has done it. We respect him very deeply."

Just how does a guy from Brooklyn recruit hungry Nigerians to the Blue Ridge Mountains? "They recruit us," says Steinbrecher. He presents a letter, neatly handwritten, from a young hopeful in Africa. It reads in part: "Sir, I humbly beg to apply to your fine and famous school. I am a Nigerian of dark complexion, about 6' 8" tall and 24 years of age. My ambition is to be in your school and bring glory to your team. Reverently..."

"I get 10 or 12 of those a month," Steinbrecher says. "It's almost a form letter they all use. In this case I have to

send a form letter back. Since the guy's 24 and the NCAA says each year over 20 takes a year off eligibility, he can't play here. But God, if he's really six-eight, can you see him in goal?"

Steinbrecher's current Nigerians suggest players to him, of course, but he moves cautiously. "Africans are very difficult people," Steinbrecher says. "They can all play soccer, but most of them hate to train and can be very egotistical. I listen to their recommendations and then make the \$30 phone call to Africa."

On Friday, Steinbrecher's Appys got aboard a bus and headed south, visiting first the University of Tennessee-Chattanooga. They stomped the Moccasins 9-2, but seemed preoccupied. On their minds was the next day's game in Huntsville against Alabama A&M, the nation's second-ranked team. Southern Conference schools like Chattanooga and V.M.I. are hardly tests for the Mountaineers. Steinbrecher has upgraded his schedule each year and now routinely faces such powerhouses as Clemson, South Carolina and the A&M Bulldogs, who had handed ASU its only previous defeat this season. Last Sunday the Bulldogs bit again.

On the pitch next to a cow pasture, the A&M squad did its usual pregame warmup, which includes a Zulu war dance—the 11 starters are all either African or Jamaican. The teams then played scoreless and tightly marked soccer until the last minute of the first half, when the Bulldogs snuck through for a goal. After the resumption they added two more, and that was that.

"Remember the movie Zulu?" said Steinbrecher with a sad smile. "Where the tribe left the British alive at the end? Well, today they kept on coming."

If ASU beats strong N.C. State this weekend, it will clinch a bid for the Southern NCAA regional playoffs anyway and once again will get a crack at Alabama A&M. Not bad for a program that has only 4½ scholarships—the NCAA allows a maximum of 11 for soccer—and none too soon for a team that must replace seven graduating starters. "It's tougher than ever," Steinbrecher says. "What can I offer a kid from Nigeria or New York or St. Louis that a big school can't? I'll have to think of something." Well, he can always fall back on his Red Hook hustle and his redneck charm. In the meantime, he'll keep an eye on the windmill on Howard's Knob.



At a rally before the Mountaineers left on a road trip, even Darth Vader wished Steinbrecher well.

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OHLMYER'S GRAND EXPERIMENT MAY SHOW THAT LESS IS MORE

It's an irritation as old as televised sports. During the first telecast of an athletic event, a dim and blurry transmission of a baseball game between Columbia and Princeton on May 17, 1939, the announcer, the late Bill Stern, heard again and again the impassioned plea of his director, "Shut up! If they can see it, don't say it." They really couldn't see much of anything on that first primitive telecast. A critic for *The New York Times* wrote, "The players were best described by observers as appearing 'like white flies.' ... When the ball flashed across the grass it appeared as a comelike white point. The announcer saved the day, otherwise there would be no way to follow the play to tell where the ball went. ... The announcer revealed whether it was a foul ball or a hit." Nevertheless, many years later Stern confessed to being the original sinner of a long, long line of TV over-talkers. "I had no idea when to keep my big fat, flapping mouth shut," he said.

More than 40 years later, the tap, the fat and the flapping are still with us. The specific irritations range from a standard mind-numbing polysyllabic Cosslett ("There has been a veritable plethora of eminently catchable balls" or what have you) to the microscopic small talk indulged in by Tom Brookshier and Pat Summerall ("So when's your plane, Tom?" "Four o'clock." "When, that's a tight connection." "Yep. That's what makes life exciting." "Yep, it sure is." "Yep. When

the past three years, and it is an especially exciting idea in that it presents a potentially revolutionary reversal of television's dictum that more is better. As Ohlmeyer says, "This business tends to admire quantity too much. If two announcers work well, three will work better. I have tried to operate differently at NBC. When we did the Super Bowl in 1979, I killed two cameras and did the game with the same number we used during the season. We won an Emmy for our coverage. And when it has come to announcers, we've constantly striven to present a less-is-more approach. I think it has worked."

True enough. NBC's NFL talk teams—Dick Enberg and Merlin Olsen, Don Cragg and John Brode, Charlie Jones and Les Dawson—are generally the least obtrusive and most effective in the business. The network's World Series announcers, Joe Garagiola, Tony Kubek and Tom Seaver, were also relatively restrained. By contrast, ABC's Keith Jackson, Don Drysdale and Howard Cosell offered a veritable plethora of eminently avoidable words during the National League baseball playoffs. (ABC's American League team of Al Michaels, Billy Martin and Jim Palmer was concise and informative.)

"There's a tendency by some announcers to shout over the top of the big moment," says Ohlmeyer. "We tell our guys, 'When something big happens, be quiet. Let the crowd at home savor it.' During the Series

there were a couple of home runs after which Joe and Tony and Tom sat in silence for 30 or 40 seconds. Merlyn and Dick go to great lengths not to talk. There really are differences among announcers, but people tend to lump them together, as if all of them were clones from Monday Night Football."

A talkless telecast has some weak points, of course. If there's a complicated, controversial play, how will the viewers know what has happened? Will replays be illuminative without a voice pointing out the nuances? Will the necessarily increased use of written information superimposed on the picture prove to be as irritating as excessive talk?

"There are plenty of production problems," says Ohlmeyer. "We won't know how the silent treatment works, or even how best to do it, until we are actually doing it. We will have to use many more graphics to keep people informed, and maybe the referee will have to explain more thoroughly what has happened on any confusing penalties. We are going to juice up the audio, using new directional 'fife' microphones to pick up the crunch of bodies, the quarterback calling signals."

Ohlmeyer has discussed his idea with NFL Commissioner Pete Rozelle. "We didn't have to ask Pete for his blessing," Ohlmeyer says, "but I wouldn't have considered this without talking it over with him first. Pete wants to be sure that we're not doing something derogatory to football, that it's really a legitimate experiment."

In fact, the experiment won't offer a totally speechless telecast. NBC's low-key commentator Bryant Gumbel will come on periodically for 30 seconds or less to recapitulate the action for newly tuned-in viewers and to "sort of reset the flow of the game," as Ohlmeyer puts it.

Ohlmeyer doesn't see his experiment as the harbinger of an era of blessed silence in sports television. "This isn't necessarily the wave of the future," he says. "We aren't doing it as an alternative to announcers. I think our guys are the best around, and we're surely not trying to put them out of business. In fact, I have a feeling that once people have watched this thing, they may come away with a new appreciation for the role a really good announcer plays." **END**

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The fish that roars

*The goal was a giant toadfish; the price for the grotesque prize was a
nightmarish adventure on a river in Suriname*

by Jack Rudloe





You're quite sure it was a toadfish you saw?" Nixon Griffis, the 62-year-old chairman of the New York Zoological Society's Exploration and Scientific Collection Committee, asked as we walked past the two white Beluga whales pressing themselves against the glass walls of the New York Aquarium. Their melodious sounds were being broadcast to us through a hydrophone. "Nothing is uglier or nastier than a toadfish," said Griffis, "but I've never heard of one more than 12 inches long."

"But I saw it," I insisted. "It was at least three feet long and had a mouth that looked big enough to swallow a basketball. Two fishermen hauled it out of a brackish creek right on the coast of Suriname and bludgeoned it to death with a rock. They eat those things down there, consider them a delicacy. They're called lumpoe, and they told me they sometimes catch them this big." I spread my arms as far apart as they would reach.

"If that's true, they'd make a fantastic exhibit," Griffis agreed while passing in front of a display of brightly colored marine tropical fish swimming amid stalks of bleached white coral. "People get awfully tired of seeing the same pretty fish year in and year out. We need something ugly and different to boost attendance, and your toadfish sounds like quite a monster. Well, we're going to Bolivia next year to collect frogs from Lake Titicaca. I don't see why we couldn't stop in Suriname for a few days."

Thirteen months later Griffis and I arrived in Paramaribo, the capital of Suriname, formerly Dutch Guiana, on an authorized expedition to collect one of the toadfish I'd described. With the help of the Ministry of Fisheries, Griffis started looking for a guide who could help us catch the biggest specimen. Everyone said, "You get Boudji [pronounced boo-GEE], he catch big lumpoe.... Boudji can catch anything."

We found Boudji mending his net

down at the fisheries dock. He wasn't a very impressive figure, a squat, brown-skinned Hindustani barely five feet tall. "Ever since I was a little boy," he boasted, "I fish dis river. We catch beet lumpoe." And he spread his arms as far apart as they would reach. "They good to eat, you cook with peppers, tomatoes and onions, very nice. You pay me \$50 a day, buy all de gas and food, and I catch. No problem."

No problem? We were into our fourth night of fishing, and while we'd seen some weird creatures, we still hadn't caught a giant toadfish. On the third set that night, when almost half of the 300-yard-long gill net had been hauled into Boudji's dugout canoe, an eerie, penetrating, almost strangling sound came up from the depths of the vast muddy Suriname River, which flows north out of the Guiana Highlands into the Atlantic.

I switched on my flashlight and shined it on a small brown devilish-looking fish that was writhing to and fro in the mesh, flashing its milky-white belly and whipping its long set of whiskers back and forth. "Whaaaaaark ... whaaaaaark ... whaaaaaark," emanated from the joints of the long dangerous-looking sawtooth pectoral fins that sprang out from its sides. With great force, this creature of the mud snapped its fins shut and then expanded them again.

"Good God, look at those tiny eyes," cried Griffis. "That's one of the strangest fish we've seen yet. Too bad it isn't bigger, but let's try to get it back alive anyway. What do you suppose it is?"

"Some kind of catfish, I'd imagine," I said, grabbing the writhing mucus-coated thing and trying to unravel the net cords from its serrated spines. "Almost everything we've seen in this river has been some kind of catfish." It was almost impossible to free it from the net, because with each sinuous twist the fish became even more entangled, and my gloves were making the job even more cumbersome.

"Mister, you be careful," warned Boudji. "Dat trumpet fish, he hurt you bad!"

I was growing impatient—if this creature stayed out of water too long, it would die. Had this been my own net, I would have cut away the webbing to free the fish. But the patched and re-patched gill net was Boudji's most valued possession. He told us proudly that he'd had it for 15 years, and in Suriname, where many people barely subsist, a gill net can mean survival.

The trumpet fish was screeching even louder. Finally I yanked off my gloves and worked the fins free, and just as I started to drop my catch into the Styrofoam specimen box, the saw-toothed spines on its fins slammed closed like a guillotine, pinning my fingers against its bony side. Blood spuried, and the fish's scaring poscons shot through my hand. And the fish kept writhing, cutting deeper into my flesh.

I yelled with pain as Boudji struggled to pry the creature off me. When at last it was free and whipping its snake's body around the specimen box, Boudji turned to me and said angrily, "I tell you she hurt—now maybe you believe!"

"I believe," I said.

"Are you all right?" Griffis asked with concern.

I cursed my stupidity, nodded and then sat miserably in the dugout sucking fingers that burned with pain, in too much agony to slap the mosquitoes that hummed in my ears. Boudji and his teenage son, Franz, continued hauling in the net, snapping off the venomous spines of the brilliant gold catfish caught in the meshing and tossing the fish into baskets. In the morning Boudji would sell them in the Paramaribo marketplace.

While father and son brought in the nets, Griffis' flashlight illuminated the catfish, making them gleam like the treasures of the Pharos. "Food's gold," he muttered. "It's a damn shame."

When we'd first started fishing the

wide, deep and muddy rivers that drain out of the jungles into the Atlantic, we were enthralled by those gold catfish. "What a fantastic display they'll make at the aquarium," Griffis declared. "People love the color of gold. I can just see them in a black-walled tank, with a dim yellow light to bring out their color. They'll be fantastic." Not only were the fish a bright yellowish gold, but when the males were hauled in, fighting in the nets, they often spat out marble-sized greenish eggs and spiny tiny babies. Like many species

of saltwater catfish, the males incubate the eggs and protect the fry by holding them in their mouths.

With great enthusiasm Griffis and I had worked through the night, changing the water in which the gold cats were held, selecting the specimens that were free of net burns. But to our disappointment, by morning they'd faded to what we learned was their natural, nondescript gray color. We felt like Cinderella after her golden coach had turned back into a pumpkin. Not even the sight of a rose-

ate spoonbill rising in morning flight was much help in allaying our disappointment and exhaustion.

By now almost nothing surprised us about these strange Sarname fishes. This is the land of piranhas, electric eels and freshwater stingrays. Here in muddy waters that virtually no light penetrates, fish have evolved armored bodies, wickedly sharp teeth and venomous spines. To escape their attackers, they can change color or make raucous noises.

And the diversity of South

By daylight, the two collectors scoured for roachfish amid the sharks, snappers and catfish on display in Paramaribo market.



Toadfish

continued

American catfish was staggering. In North American rivers and lakes, there are something like 28 species of cats, but 10 or 12 of them look virtually identical to anyone but a taxonomist and even the rest are more or less alike. In Suriname there are hundreds of species, some with heavily plated armored bodies that make them look more like armadillos than fish, some with soft white-and-black tiger-striped bodies, and some with the elongated bodies of eels. Still others have evolved strange, flat heads and long whiskers that bend back along their sides. All of them have a nasty arsenal of spines.

In our four days on the rivers, we'd amassed a considerable collection of such unusual creatures, but none of them was a giant toadfish. Boudji had caught plenty of small ones; they were impressive in their grotesque way but not big enough to merit a special display at the New York Aquarium. And now we were fast running out of time.

As Boudji and Franz hauled in the last section of net, I heard Boudji cry happily, "Aaaah, here's beeg lumpoe!" Instantly I forgot the burning in my fingers and hurried forward to help pull the Suriname toadfish (*Batrachoides surinamensis*) into the canoe. It landed with a flop and began thrashing about, making menacing grunts.

Its gigantic, bone-crushing jaws sprang apart, displaying a whitish mouth that seemed to extend all the way down its

narrow tadpole-like body. The jaws slammed shut and sprang open again. Quickly I closed my gloved hands around its soft, flabby body, taking great care to avoid the tiny poisonous spines on its gill coverings. Before it could turn and bite, I catapulted it into the specimen box. It smelled ghastly.

The lumpoe backed into the corner of the container and sat there lumpishly, with its mean little eyes glowering up at me. As its bulldog jaws opened and closed, the fleshy brown pendants that hung down from its broad flabby chin swayed like seaweed.

"Dis one beeg enough?" Franz demanded. He was getting tired of fishing night after night with us and being away from his friends.

"No, afraid not," I replied. "We need one at least three feet long. This one couldn't be larger than 14 inches."

Franz shook his head in disgust. "You fish here all year maybe not catch one dat beeg?" he said.

"Well, it looks like your giant toadfish may have turned out to be just another fish story," said Griffiths.

Maybe he was right, maybe the giant toadfish I had seen the year before was a fluke, or maybe that gigantic ugly head on that little tapered body made the fish look so terrible that it grew and grew in my imagination until it had become a monster by the time I returned to the U.S. and told Griffiths about it.

"Not to worry," Boudji said reassuringly when he saw my disappointment. He snatched the starter cord on his decrepit 40-horsepower motor. "We catch. It take two, maybe three more days, but we catch." The motor sputtered, ran a short while and then cut off again.

Griffis puffed a cigarette, the orange tip glowing brightly in the darkness. "Boudji, this has to be our last night," he said. "Tomorrow we have to start packing the fish to go back to New York. We don't have two or three more days."

Boudji scratched his bald head thoughtfully and said, "My cousin tell me dat he see beeg lumpoe at de old sugar plantation. Very far down de river, but we go tonight."

When we finally got the motor running, we sped down the main river channel, round the broad bends that led to the sea. We passed a 300-foot freighter at anchor in the deep channel, its lights ablaze. Soon the clutter of Paramaribo's docks and wharves and houses had disappeared behind us and were replaced by mangrove bushes that grew thick along the muddy shoreline.

At last we spotted the ruins of an abandoned sugar plantation. It was three o'clock in the morning, and the rubble of the broken concrete sluice gates and vine-covered crumbling buildings were silhouetted by the moonlight at the river's edge. Worm-eaten pilings rose ghost-like from the sluggish, dark river. The cabins of two sunken cruisers emerged from the thickly silted waters. The whole place had a feeling of decay, of jungle rot. "This looks like a good habitat for a giant toadfish," I remarked to Griffiths. "It's the only fish I know of that thrives on man's turning of the ocean into a garbage dump."

Indeed, the toadfish tolerates low-oxygen and silted conditions. And almost no other fish can survive out of water as long as it can. An angler, having put out but intended for other species, often will bring up a toadfish, see this creature of hell hanging from his line and simply cut the line and leave the fish on the dock to die. Along the coast of the southeastern U.S., I often see small toadfish stranded out of water, still alive hours after being caught, still ready to clamp their jaws on anything that comes within range. I always kick them back into the water, believing that anything that mean and ugly has character and a right to live.



On occasion, Boudji's gill net brought up a few small toadfish, but most hauls yielded only bizarre species of unfarmed catfish

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Toadfish

continued

Boudji cut the motor off a long way before we got to the plantation's dilapidated boathouse so we wouldn't scare the fish away. "O.K.," he said in a low voice, slipping overboard into waist-deep water. "now push."

Franz went in, too, and I started to follow, but Boudji shook his head. "No, no, Mr. Jack, you stay in de boat. Much sharp shell, glass, cut your feet."

Something was dark and ominous about this part of the river, something I hadn't felt before. I was just as glad to remain in the canoe. The empty shadows of the ruins stood cold and unfriendly. As Boudji and Franz pushed and pulled the dugout along, the river bottom periodically gave way beneath their feet. Once Franz had to be pulled out of the ooze.

My mind flashed back to the stories we'd heard of the voracious bull sharks that prowled the rivers at night. And then there was the lau-lau, the colossal catfish reputed to snatch little children from the riverbank. Two days ago I would have thought that story fiction; now it seemed all too possible.

That morning Griffiths and I had walked through the bustling Central Marketplace in Paramaribo to see if anyone had brought in a big toadfish. We moved with

the crowd, past racks of drying sharks and shrimp, smelling the pungent odor of smoked mangrove snapper and mullet blended with overripe fruit and vegetables. Just then, through the crowds came a flatbed truck, its horn blaring for everyone to make way, sagging on its axles, straining under a tremendous weight. It carried a single monstrous catfish that easily measured 12 feet and weighed more than 1,000 pounds. The beast was alive—its gills were still slowly opening and closing. Now as we moved along the fluid muck of the Surname River, I half expected to see the Loch Ness monster come slithering out.

Suddenly there was a whirring sound in the shallows, and I automatically switched on my flashlight, catching the gleam of dozens of raised green eyes as little fish scurried across the top of the water. They looked like scaly brown frogs.

"Anableps," said Griffiths. "They're air breathers. You see them all over South America. We've already got some in the aquarium."

"Turn off light!" Boudji hissed. "You scare fish." Then he whispered, "O.K., be very quiet, make no bump or noise."

Quietly we helped him feed out the

net. Steadily Boudji dragged one end of it toward the run of the boat shed while Franz continued pulling the canoe ahead until a wall of webbing stretched out and encircled the wreckage of the cruisers and the dock. For a long while we sat silently in the dugout, listening to Boudji and Franz talking softly in *taki-taki*, the local dialect. The moonlight's reflection gleamed golden on the river, and Boudji crouched down and reached under the debris with his bare hand. Only his head was sticking up.

You couldn't find a more dangerous way to hunt toadfish than Boudji's method. No other fishermen in Suriname would take the chance. He'd grope around in the mud until he'd feel the fleshy head of a fish, and then he'd snatch his hand away before those steel-trap jaws could clamp down on him, and then draw the fish into the net. He almost never got bitten while using his hand for bait because toadfish are among the most sluggish fish in the ocean.

Something splashed in the net. Boudji and Franz had scared out a good-sized snook, and it was gilled at the corkline. Already we could see by the moonlight that several floats had been pulled down slightly by other fish driven

continued



Finally, Boudji set his net around a submerged junkyard and went into the opaque water to flush out a toadfish.

Toadfish

continued

from the shelter of the fallen dock.

Suddenly we heard a blood-curdling shriek, and the water seemed to explode as Boudji jumped upward. Madly he flailed the water into foam, cursing in taki-taki, trying to shake something off.

"Something's grabbed Boudji," Griffis cried and stood up in the unstable dugout. His beam caught Boudji desperately thrashing about, wrestling with something. Without thinking, I found myself leaping overboard, landing in the soft mud and struggling toward our guide

light illuminated a large bite mark on his back. It ringed his shoulder blade and looked as though a shark with tiny teeth had grabbed him. Boudji's brown skin was punctured by a hundred tiny holes that oozed red.

Franz hurried over to get a pole for himself and followed his father back toward the fallen boat shed. With a vengeance they beat the surface, churning the peaceful river into foam, jabbing and stabbing into the debris to frighten the monster toadfish from its nest. Once

under. There was an explosive splash, and the corks bobbed upward. Then they were abruptly pulled down again and came to rest just below the surface. No way could we tell by looking whether the fish had been snared or had bitten a hole through the net and escaped into the protective mud of the river.

Boudji hurriedly got back aboard, hastily grabbed an end of the net and started pulling it into the canoe. "Do you think we caught it?" I asked as I joined Boudji in his labor, all the while trying to ignore my sore hand. "There are some sunk corks up ahead."

"Don't know," Boudji grunted. "Maybe yes, maybe she got out. We see."

Despite our effort, the net came in with maddening slowness. Almost a third of it was aboard, and still there was no sign of a giant toadfish. A comical-looking 10-inch placostoma catfish with piggy eyes and armor-gray leopard skin came up uttering a long series of protesting grunts. Then another trumpet cat writhed in the net; without hesitation, Boudji snapped off its thorny pectoral fins with a pair of pliers and tossed them overboard. As he strained to recover the net, he flinched now and then with pain from the lumpoee bite.

Our tension mounted as the section of net with the sunken corks drew nearer. When it was only six feet away, the webbing began vibrating violently. Was it caused by the big lumpoee or some other unexpected monster of the morass? Suddenly menacing grunts began reverberating from down below.

Boudji and Franz slid overboard, diving down and bunched the leadline and webbing around the creature. And then, with one mighty heave, we hauled the toadfish into the dugout. It landed with a dull flop, and for a moment the moonlight gleamed on its slimy, scaleless skin. Then a prolonged bellow of pure rage shook the night. First came one long roar, then another, and for the first time in my life I stood rooted with fear, unable to move. The lumpoee opened its cavernous jaws, waiting for anything that might pass between them and bellying all the while like an enraged jungle cat. No fish should make a noise like that!

"It's incredible," said Griffis, his voice filled with admiration and disbelief. At the same time he was backing up with me, giving the toadfish plenty of

continued



Each evening the collectors would slip out past the moored shrimp trawlers in search of a toadfish only to return exhausted at dawn.

Halfway there I was wondering what I could do to help and wondering if it, whatever it was, wouldn't grab me next. But I didn't have much time to ponder such matters before Boudji broke free and rushed at me, shouting, "Stay in de boat! Stay in de boat!"

"What is it?" I asked, following him as fast as I could go through the muck. "What happened?"

"Lumpoee, beeg lumpoee with eggs. She bite me." Then he demonstrated by snapping his fingers together like a set of jaws on his arm. "Very dangerous when she have de babies. She no run away then, she attack."

As he bent down to reach for a long pole in the bottom of the canoe, my flash-

light again saw Boudji reach down and grope in the mud, this time he did so warily. "She run cut now," he called out. "Watch de net."

But the giant lumpoee was a long way from being caught. Griffis and I sat in the dugout, shining our flashlights around the circle of bobbing corkline, while Boudji and Franz walked randomly through the water, hoping to drive the toadfish into the net. We knew the odds were great that the fish would sit on the bottom waiting for the net to lift when we began hauling it in. Then it would swim under the leadline to freedom.

"Look!" Griffis shouted as he pointed to a spot several hundred feet away, where five of the floats had been pulled

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Toadfish

continued

room. It was thrashing around the bottom of the canoe, flailing the sides with its triangular tail and uttering its blood-curdling rumbles. I had to do something. I couldn't let our prize get battered or stuck by a discarded catfish spine. But when my gloved hands touched its body, another explosion rocked the night. The lumpoe whipped around, slammed its immense 18-inch-wide jaws shut with a loud snap and went into a frenzied fighting tantrum. Its maw crunched down on the seat supports in the bottom of the canoe and, thus anchored, the fish turned itself over and over.

"For heaven's sake, Jack," Griffis said, "let the damn thing wear itself out!"

Boudji motioned for me to give him room. "Here, I show you," he said. "This is the way you pick up lumpoe. First you make fish go to sleep, like this."

His bare fingers began gently stroking the top of the great round head, in front of the thorny spines, right above the upturned eyes. He slowly massaged the soft, slimy flesh until the toadfish calmed down.

"Get box ready," Boudji whispered. "I bring fish."

His palms slid under the bloated underbelly of the creature that had bitten him so badly and ever so gently he lifted it up. Suddenly the toadfish woke up and span around. Boudji yelped, its mucous body slid out of his hands and was headed overboard.

In a blink I saw that cavernous mouth spring open and knew there was no choice. I thrust my already wounded, heavy-gloved hand into its mouth. My bones felt as if they were getting crushed in a vise as I fell to my knees and thrust hand and fish into the box. Fortunately the teeth were much too small to penetrate the leather, but, Lord, did that toadfish stink! The sour stench was worse than the pain, redolent of garbage and mud flats, and the lumpoe was in no hurry to let go. I kept my other hand pressed on its back to keep it from twisting around. Finally it released the pressure slightly, and I slid my bruised fingers out of the glove, leaving it clamped in the monster's mouth.

We slammed the lid on the box, and the toadfish began thrashing,

howling and croaking again. For a while it seemed as if the box was going to be torn apart. I sat on the lid until the racket inside settled down to a series of unhappy grunts.

"Are you all right?" Griffis asked for the second time that night.

My fingers were all there, but I told him my hand was numb. A few minutes later he chuckled and said, "You know, I'm not sure whether to bring it to the aquarium or the Bronx Zoo? What a monster! I've never heard a fish roar before."

When the rest of the net was in the canoe, Boudji waded to the fallen boat shed, dove and retrieved a wide board. After dragging it back to the boat, he showed us hundreds of pink larval toadfish, less than half an inch long, looking like tadpoles as they clung to the muddy surface. Pulses of movement ran through the colony as the infant fishes' orange tails wriggled back and forth. We slipped the board into the box, and the big toadfish immediately settled down on top of it. Then all commotion ceased.

Toadfish are notably good parents. In some species the male sits on top of the eggs, after the female lays them in shell, rubble or under logs, and guards them ferociously for weeks. We really didn't know whether our prize was male or female. Maybe when we got back to New York we'd find out. In the meantime, Griffis dubbed our catch "Big Mama."

Down was breaking by the time we

arrived at the docks of the Suriname Fisheries Department. The masts of the shrimp trawlers were silhouetted against the pale tropical sky. I opened the lid of the box and regarded the puffy brown toadfish gazing balefully up at us. "It looks to be a little over three feet," I said.

"Well, I'm not sure we could handle one bigger," said Griffis, yawning. "She acts like she's 10 feet long. Big Mama's a monster all right."

Boudji looked at the fish appraisingly. "Next year you come back we catch great beeg lumpoe that make this one look small. I can catch!" he said, his voice full of pride.

Three days later we unpacked 15 large Styrofoam coolers at the New York Aquarium. Our flight out of Suriname had been delayed, and we had lost some specimens to the tropical heat. When I sliced through the filament tape of the box marked Big Mama I reeled backward at the rush of putrid air. She had fouled her water during the long transit and lay motionless in the big plastic container of fetid brown slime. Sadly, I reached for her remains, only to be startled by a warning growl.

With great joy and speed, then, we slid her into a tank of clean water. And there she sat, glowering at the crowds of curious onlookers. Griffis and I sat on a brass railing, watching her triumphantly.

"You know, next year we ought to go back and see if we can catch one this big," he said, spreading his arms four feet across.

Unlike big toadfish, the roseate spoonbill was not a rare sight



Although no roars ever echoed through the carpeted corridors of the New York Aquarium, the grotesque beast slowly finning behind the thick plate glass, casting its forever malevolent glower outward, drew large crowds. But last December, after being on exhibit for two months, the toadfish grew increasingly lethargic and eventually died. The cause of death was parasitic infestation. While the aquarium staffers had been unable to maintain the Suriname toadfish in captivity, they had been correct about one thing; an autopsy showed that Big Mama was indeed a female.



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PERSPECTIVE

by MICHAEL BAUGHMAN

A VETERAN HUNTER DISCOVERS THAT HE NEEDN'T USE A GUN TO ACHIEVE HIS AIM

Grouse season is a fine time of year. In southern Oregon, September nights are cool, even wintry at the higher elevations, but by midmorning summer has temporarily reestablished itself. At dawn, as you're preparing for the hunt, you'll be shivering in a heavy jacket, and the dog, frantic with anticipation, will be all but impossible to control. Then, by 10 or 11 a.m., you likely will have peeled down to a T shirt as you climb the region's steep slopes, hunting the berry patches and springs. When you find water, the dog will drink noisily. The deciduous trees along the creeks are turning. Everything has ripened, and soon all will be gone to winter. It is a good season, but one of melancholy change.

Last September, on a grouse-hunting day with my German short-haired pointer, I learned that the changes people experience can be more abrupt and less predictable than seasons of the year.

During the drive up the north slope of Grizzly Peak, a covey of mountain quail crossed the gravel road in front of us. Visible only in silhouette in the gray early morning light, at least two dozen birds marched by in single file, quick-legged and erect as little soldiers. The moment I slowed the station wagon to let them pass, Otto saw them. His ears cocked forward, and he whined, then howled, then pined at the window.

"No, Otto! Bad dog! Stop that noise!"

He stopped pawing, but quivering with excitement, he whined until the last of the quail had disappeared. Fifteen minutes later and 1,000 feet higher, we parked. I knew that it was too early to find the grouse out feeding, but Otto didn't, so for half an hour I let him hunt at his own furious pace.

By the time we had worked around to the eastern slope of Grizzly, the sun was well into the sky. Otto's initial burst of energy had dissipated, and I had warned with the morning.

"Close!" I told Otto. "Look around, but stay close now!"

I slowly circled a huge patch of elderberries—six or eight acres of them—that was surrounded by Douglas fir. Then I picked my way through the shrubs, Otto working from 10 to 20 yards ahead. In an hour we had combed the entire patch. Otto's tail wagged constantly, but it never became the blur that would have told me we were near a bird.

Up a slope beyond the fir trees was a spring. If the birds weren't feeding yet, I figured they were getting water. The climb was long and steep, and before we reached the spring I was sweating. I took off my jacket and tied it around my waist.

Water oozed out of the rocky mountainside and spread as it descended through a 100-yard-long triangle of lush green grass that grew knee high in the shade of the trees. At the bottom the triangle was more than 30 yards across. As soon as I started up through it, Otto hit the scent. With his nose twitching he crept forward in search of the channel of scent that would lead to a bird. My boots sank into the wet, porous earth as I followed him. "Stay close!" I whispered.

I needn't have, for just as I spoke he froze on point, right front leg poised in

the air, tail motionless, head and neck stretched forward—still as a statue except for the twitching nose. His eyes moved to mine, as if he were checking to be sure that I was ready.

I told myself I was. For my first bird, I had decided I would take whatever shot presented itself. After that I would pass up the easy chances. Another step forward and a grouse exploded out of the grass a yard from Otto's nose. It flew straight away from me at eye level, giving me the easiest shot there is.

I got my gun up in plenty of time, my cheek firmly pressed against the cool smoothness of the stock, the head at the end of the barrel squarely on the target. The bird was 25 yards out when I pulled the trigger. Nothing happened. Though I'd made such shots a hundred times before, I'd somehow forgotten to release the safety. By the time I did that, the grouse was 40 yards away and the gun was no longer on it. When I had the grouse in my sights again, it was better than 60 yards out and into the trees. That was much too far, but—surprisingly, uselessly—I fired anyway, wasting both barrels.

I swore at myself for fouling up such a simple shot and for compounding my incompetence by trying one that was next to impossible. As I was breaking open the gun to eject the spent shells, another grouse burst out of the grass a yard from where the first one had emerged. I grabbed two shells from my vest pocket,

dropped one, jammed the other into the gun and slammed it shut. As I shouldered the stock and aimed, the grouse was still within easy range. I pulled the trigger, but all I heard was a click. In my haste I had shoved the single shell into the upper chamber, forgetting that on most over-and-under shotguns the lower barrel fires first. I jerked the trigger again in frustrated rage but missed the grouse by 15 feet.

Suddenly a third grouse burst out of the grass just behind me. I spun around and instinctively raised the gun again before realizing it was empty.

Otto and I hunted for three more hours without finding another bird. A grouse hunter is fortunate to get one chance in an entire season as easy as the three that I had ruined in the



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PERSPECTIVE *continued*

space of 15 seconds. I was desperate for an opportunity to redeem myself, but by noon we had completed a long loop back to the car without seeing another grouse.

I felt like an utter failure. I was also ashamed that I could allow a morning of hunting to have such a debilitating effect on me. I knew my reaction was ridiculous, yet I couldn't help myself.

As I was brooding, just a minute or two short of the car, yet another grouse flew from under a small pine tree about 10 yards up a steep slope to my left. Without thinking, I spun around and fired. Forty yards out I saw a puff of feathers. A perfect shot. The bird was surely dead before it began to fall. Otto, who had heard the grouse flush, picked it up just seconds after it thudded onto the pre-necrotic floor of the forest. He brought it to hand, a perfect retrieve.

When I took the bird from Otto, I felt no elation. What I had wanted so badly seemed meaningless now that I had it. I certainly didn't see it as redemption. It wasn't much of a trophy, either. I couldn't even think of it as a meal. I held it—soft-feathered in my hand, warm and limp, a tiny drop of bright red blood at the tip of the beak—and knew I was through with killing.

I had questioned the morality of hunting before, as all reasonable hunters surely have. My opinion had always been, and still is, that there are at least as many compelling arguments in favor of the sport—if responsibly practiced—as there are against it.

Something had changed in me, though. I don't know exactly what it was, but it obviously was connected with the dismay I felt at my desire to prove myself through the act of killing. What was left to prove? I had made and missed all the shots, in many places over many years. So why continue?

On the way down Grizzly Peak I realized that now I was glad I had missed the first three birds. Until the moment something is killed, hunting is actually a celebration of life. A hunter, a dog and an upland bird are as alive as they will ever be at the moment of that sudden, powerful flush from cover. That is the high point, and nothing that happens afterward need matter.

I still hunt with enthusiasm, but without a gun. Otto hasn't changed. He finds the birds and points, and we flush them out and watch them rear away. **END**



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Reminiscence

by JACK WINTER

AFTER A ROCKY START, THIS ROOKIE NURSED A SINGLE INTO A HOME RUN

Why can't I play, Stooie Schachter? I have a bat, I have a glove. You even use my A.J. Reisch Official American League ball. For two hours every Saturday I have to sit there on that big rock in that empty lot and watch you and the other kids play nine innings, and when you're finished you flip me my ball and say, "Thanks, kid." Two hours watching you when I could be reading *The Official Encyclopedia of Baseball*. Two hours for a lousy "Thanks." O.K., so you're 9½ and I'm only eight, and you're the best ball-player in the neighborhood and I'm only the second-best in my class. But I'm still better than half the guys you play with. So why can't I play?

It always started at 12:30. I never knew whether game time was determined by lunchtime or lunchtime by game time, but at 12 o'clock the 9-year-old ballplayers in my neighborhood in Queens would eat lunch, get their things and go to the empty lot for the game. Stuart (Stooie) Schachter and Norman (Normie) Gelber ate at 12:15. They could afford to, because they were the stars. In fact, it was impossible to have a game without them, seeing as it was always Stooie's team against Normie's team.

I ate at 11, and not because I was a slow eater. How could I be? I had the same thing for lunch every day, a plate of Chef Boy-ardee ravioli, so I knew all the shortcuts—slicing one piece while chewing another, eating the hot pieces last so I didn't have to waste time cooling them off by sucking in air with my mouth wide open. I ate at 11 so I could rest up for the game, so I'd be physically prepared, mentally alert, totally ready for a game I'd never been in. But I had to do it. What if I did get to play? It might

be my only shot, and I wanted to be at my best. So I finished eating at 11:02 and sat on my bed checking lifetime batting averages, in case they came up in conversation with Stooie.

I would get to the field at noon. It was early, but there were things to do. Like clock myself around the bases. "Got!" I would yell to myself, already halfway into my first stride. "It's over short and into leftfield for a base hit!" I tore around first. "It's in between the outfielders and rolling to the wall!" I turned on my speed. "He's rounding second and heading for third." Dust flew off my pounding spikes as I steamed for the hot corner. The Old Crow gave me the stop sign, but there were two out and I wasn't about to let some .260 hitter ground out to end the inning and waste my triple. No, I was going for all the marbles this time. "He's rounding third and he's going to try for the plate! Here he comes. Here comes the throw. He slides . . . and he-e-e-e's . . . safe!"

I looked at my watch. The second hand was on the six. Had I started when it was at the one or the three? I couldn't remember. It was important, though. If it had been the three, it meant that I had circled the bases in 15 seconds, only a few seconds off Willie Mays' time. Reluctantly, I rejected that possibility.

"Twenty-five seconds," I said to myself. "That's less than twice Willie Mays' time, and he's at least twice as old as I am." I let that reasoning stand, realizing it implied that an 80-year-old man could run the bases in a shade over three seconds.

But there was more to do between 12 and 12:15 than run bases. I had to hold batting practice, which consisted of my hitting the ball out of my hand and walking 300 feet to pick it up. (That's 100 feet on the fly, 200 on the roll.) When this got boring I'd throw the ball up in the air as high as I could, wait until it was almost halfway down, then run two or three steps and make a spectacular diving catch.

Around 12:15 the first 9-year-old would usually appear, and we'd loosen up our arms throwing the ball back and forth. To most of the kids this was a routine warmup and they'd be very casual about it, not bending too far for the grounders, not throwing as hard as they could. But to someone who'd never been in the game, everything was a test. Maybe if I caught all the balls that were thrown at me, maybe if one of the catches required a leap or a difficult scoop, maybe if, at that moment, Stooie or Normie were looking in my direction. . . .

But it was hard to keep my attention on my fielding when my mind was on the players. Not who they were, but how many there were. They needed 18 for a game, so if they were a kid short, I'd be in. As I warmed up, I watched and worried. If an old face, a regular, appeared, it was all right. There were only 17 of them. But if a new face came it meant trouble. Saturday after Saturday my hopes were crushed by somebody's cousin from New Jersey or Long Island. Some kid without sneakers, some dope without a glove who didn't even know that Yankee Stadium was in the Bronx and the Polo Grounds in Manhattan.

But they played. If they could see, breathe, walk, smell or make any kind of noise, they played. If they ran from first to third on a pop-up—even though everyone within 30 miles was yelling for them to go back—they played. If

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REMINISCENCE continued

they stepped on second instead of tagging a guy who was sliding in for a double, they played. If they swung at a 3 and 0 pitch in the dirt two seconds after they'd been told not to swing at anything, they still got to play.

And I got to watch. I sat there on that rock, an audience of one whose only thought was that maybe someone would break his leg and be unable to crawl from home to first and they'd be forced—out of necessity, out of embarrassment, out of something—to put me in the game.

But that didn't seem to be in God's plan. In fact, He seemed to be against me. Time after time, at 12:29, when they were a man short and it looked as if I'd finally get a game, He'd wave His mighty hand and a 9-year-old second baseman would appear out of nowhere to push me out of another game.

But even God is fallible. One gray Saturday afternoon (He probably still remembers it). He left the Stooie Schachtler-Normie Geller game with a grand total, me included, of 18 players. As always, I stood in the crowd, pounding my glove, being ignored. But this time I knew something they didn't. I knew that after Stooie and Normie had flipped (Normie would get first pick), after they had ignored me through the first seven rounds of choosing, after they had told Normie's players to stand on one side and Stooie's on the other, and after Normie had picked his final player, that Stooie would look around and discover, to his horror, that everyone else had been taken and he'd be forced to pick me. He could put me at catcher, he could bat me ninth, he could besick every time he thought about it, but he'd still have to take me.

"All right. We'll stand you," Stooie said to Normie. (Translation: "O.K., I'll take him, but it's practically like playing with our legs tied together. Of course, if your team wins it doesn't prove you're better than me.")

"Thanks, Stooie," I said, grateful but not fawning. After all, I had a job to do. They chose again, and Stooie decided to have us bat last. "Where do you want me to play?" I asked, posing possibly the most unnecessary question ever uttered. "Shortstop," he answered sarcastically, and I picked up the catcher's mitt and went behind the plate.

Tony Towle, our pitcher, threw seven warmup pitches. I caught them all. Stooie was busy gobbling up grounders at shortstop and didn't notice. Normie

continued

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might have, but he didn't seem impressed. What more do they want? I thought. Yogi Berra only fields .984, and that's his position.

"Come on," Normie said. That wasn't a suggestion. It was an order. Anything Normie said was an order, unless Stooie said the opposite, in which case they'd flip for it.

I caught Tony's last warmup toss and ran out to the mound. I shielded my mouth with my glove and said, "One for a fastball, two for a curve, three for a slider, four for a knuckler, five for a screwball." I started back for the plate, stopped, turned back to Tony and whispered, "And a wiggle for a changeup." He nodded, impressing me with his quick memory, and waved me back to the plate. Halfway there I remembered that I'd forgotten to give him the signs for when a man was on second, but I figured I could cross that bridge when I came to it.

The first batter was Ernie Tobbs, a fast skinny kid with no belt who would hit everything on the ground and try to beat it out. The infield moved way in. "Watch for the bunt," I yelled to Barry Harney, the third baseman, who was already halfway between third and home. The pitcher looked down, and I flashed the sign to him—once, a fastball. He reared back and fired his high hard one over the plate. Tobbs just looked at it. I showed off my arm by firing the return throw over Tony's head and into centerfield.

Tobbs worked Tony to a 3 and 2 count and fouled off nine pitches before striking out on either a knuckleball or a change. (I couldn't tell which because I'd called for a slider.) Their No. 2 batter also worked the count to 3 and 2 before popping one high in the air to right. The fielder came in a step, went back a step, tapped his glove a few times and then dropped the ball. He yelled in anger and threw to second base in plenty of time to hold the hitter, who hadn't run in the first place, to a single. "You stink," someone shouted.

"That's all right, kid," I yelled, trying to get an ally in case the same thing happened to me. "It's a tough sun." Stooie disagreed. "Shut up!" he said.

He was right. We were in a hole now. There was a man on, only one was out, and Normie was coming up. I called for a curveball on the outside. Tony must have had trouble picking up my sign because he threw a high, inside fastball, and

Normie ripped it down the third-base line. "Foul, foul, foul," our third baseman screamed, but the runners didn't stop. The leftfielder ran over, cut the ball off and threw it in to the third baseman, who didn't see it coming because he was still pointing to the spot where the ball had supposedly hit.

"All right, I'll do it over," Normie said, running in from second base. This wasn't a gesture of sportsmanship. For Normie (or Stooie) a double was no big deal. So Normie got up again, but this time Tony got smart and walked him on four straight pitches. The next hitter grounded to first. Two outs, men on second and third. Their No. 5 hitter, a left-handed batter with a gold and purple shirt that said "Falcons" on it, went for the first pitch and popped it up about 20 feet behind the plate.

"Mine!" Stooie yelled from shortstop, invoking the age-old rule that the star takes everything he can conceivably get near, especially if the alternative is letting someone like me try for it. But fortunately I was moving too fast to observe the pecking order and I made a running, one-handed catch. "Nice play," Stooie said, a quick rewrite from, "Next time, when I call for it..."

I trotted over to the bench, confident that I could no longer be taken for granted. I soon found out otherwise. "One, two, three, four," Stooie said, pointing to his teammates as he made the batting order. "Five, six, seven, eight." A pause, and then reluctantly, "nine." All my catch had done was put me in the category of "good field, no hit."

The first 2½ innings were uneventful. Nobody scored, and I didn't get up. But in the last of the third the drama began. Two of our men had been left on base in the second, which meant that I would lead off the third. I was standing at the plate with a bat in my hands before any of my teammates had come in from the field. I had chosen a Hillerich & Bradys Ferris Fann model. I would have preferred to use the Duke Snider model, but the fact that I could barely lift it off the ground mitigated against it. I swung the bat slowly and menacingly at the pitcher before putting it down for a second to conserve my strength. I tapped my spikes (a pair of \$2.95 Keds with a red stripe around them), straightened my cap and indicated I was ready. The first delivery was a ball, high and outside. The pitcher

was annoyed with himself. Why be cute with the bottom of the order? So he laid the next one in. It was the pitch I wanted. Ash met horsehide, and I sent a dribbler down the third-base line. The third baseman took a step in, picked it up on an easy hop and threw it over the first baseman's head. "Base hit," I said to myself and tore for second, sliding in head-first just in case the first baseman had been able to climb the fence, cross the street, reach under the blue Studebaker and relay the ball back to the field in time to cut me down. Normie was standing near second. "Tough chance," I said to him, referring to a play he'd probably seen his sister make a hundred times. He spat in his glove. I took it as a sign of agreement.

Well, maybe it wasn't a clean hit. Maybe it wasn't even a hit at all, but getting on base was the important thing. The guys who got on through errors were the same guys who walked a lot, who got hit by the pitch a lot, who did all the little things that didn't show up in the box score that stunk their teams win. Guys like Eddie Stanky. And me.

But apparently the subtleties of the game escaped Stooie and Normie, because despite my "single" and my errorless game behind the plate, there were no puts on the rear, no apologies, no expressions of amazement that such an outstanding prospect had been sitting right under their noses. The problem was that our team was losing, so my contributions remained unnoticed.

We went into the last of the ninth trailing 6-5. Our first man up singled and the next two popped up, so I came to the plate with one on and two out. This is what I wanted most—the chance to be a hero. It was also what I wanted least. An out here would never be forgotten. Stooie trotted out to shortstop to talk to Normie, and from the way Stooie was gesturing it became obvious that he wanted to pinch hit an 11-year-old delivery boy who had stopped to watch the game. Normie wouldn't hear of it. Why should he? Do they pull the hot-dog man out of the stands and have him hit for Mickey Mantle? It was too unorthodox even for a game with do-overs. Stooie argued furiously, slamming his glove to the ground every time he made a point, but Normie stood firm and Stooie finally gave up, dusted off his glove and returned to the sidelines.

I stepped into the batter's box and

continued

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REMINISCENCE continued

checked the position of the fielders. They were straight away and, unfortunately, shallow, taking away one of my primary weapons, the bloop hit. The pitcher went into his windup and fired the first pitch. It was right where I wanted it, belt high and a little inside. Right in my wheelhouse, as they say. Right where every muscle in my body could contribute to the total impact. I took a mighty ripple and missed. "Oh God," I thought, straightening my cap. "Is it going to be like this? Are the John R. Tunis books nothing but lies?" The second pitch came in. It was low, around the ankles.

"Strike two," someone said. I couldn't believe it. It was a foot low. But I was too numb to argue. I was down to my last strike.

The pitcher wound up again and threw. I swung—a base hit over short. A legitimate single to save me from embarrassment. But wait a second! This one was more than a single. This one was in between the left- and centerfielders. I rounded first and headed for second. The ball was still rolling. They'd never get to it in time. I shortened my stride and checked to make sure there was nothing in the base paths I could trip over. But then, out of the corner of my eye, I saw a nurse. Not the hospital kind, but the kind that people hire to watch their 2-year-old brats. The ball had hit her foot and she had picked it up. She was going to throw it to the centerfielder who was going to throw it to the shortstop who was going to throw it to the catcher and I was going to be out at the plate. It can't be! I thought. It's impossible! It's not fair!

But God moves in mysterious ways. The nurse may have had every intention of starting that relay, but she didn't have the arm. Her underhand toss went about 20 feet in the air directly over her head, and I scored standing up.

They mobbed me. Or at least one of them did. "Nice shot, kid," someone said, pounding me on the back.

"Just trying to get a piece of it," I said, modestly, implying that I hadn't really taken a full swing. The players gathered and there was a brief discussion about the Yankees and the Dodgers. Then they started to split up.

"Whose ball is this?" Siscoe asked, looking around. I smiled. I had lost my identity. I was no longer the kid who sat on the rock and let them use his ball. I was one of them.

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²Aetna participated in the 1978 National Workshop on Auto-Theft Prevention and was a primary sponsor of last year's Connecticut Auto-Theft Reduction Seminars.

³A "fraud profile" asks such questions as: Was the theft reported within 60 days of the

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⁴Aetna supports standardizing title procedures and effective disposition of vehicle identification numbers at the wrecking yard. This would put the brakes on "paper" car theft by giving every legitimate vehicle its own "birth" and "death" certificates.



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19TH HOLE THE READERS TAKE OVER

Edited by GAY FLOOD

USC'S EXAMPLE Sir

James H. Zumbege, the new president of the University of Southern California, deserves credit not only for revealing that his esteemed school has been guilty of abuses in its athletic programs but also for his apparent determination to correct those abuses (SCORECARD, Oct. 27). But often it seems that such good intentions eventually succumb to the fear that honesty won't fill the stadium or produce national championships.

As one who is concerned about collegiate sports, I hope SI will follow Zumbege's progress on this matter. If USC faces up to its transgressions, its leadership will win it far more lasting recognition than the 63 NCAA team titles the Trojans have won to date.

MIKE MCGINTY
Evanston, Ill.

Sir

It surprises me that the theme of all articles concerning academic violations is one of chastisement. I would expect someone to champion the cause of the highly talented but academically inferior athlete whose only path to pro football is through four years of experience at the college level. After all, the colleges are the firm system of pro football. Is there any way to establish either a non-academic or a low-level academic program for the non-studious player? The athlete who isn't admitted to higher education is essentially being "cut inside" in advance.

On the other hand, many of us sports fans are making it comfortably through life without a college education, so I see no justification for insisting that a pro athlete get one. It isn't true that a player who doesn't make it to the pros will forever be unable to function just because he hasn't got a college diploma.

DICK TRENDYRA
Wilbraham, Mass.

Sir

An academic affirmative action program should be a positive remedial force in improving the prospects of deserving students. It shouldn't serve to fill the victory-at-any-cost demands of athletic departments that give only casual attention to the academic needs of the marginal student-athlete. If a player is struggling in the classroom, make him or her sit out athletics and concentrate solely on studies and getting a degree.

MARK RILEY
Broomall, Pa.

Sir

Being an athlete myself and having lived only three blocks from the University of

Southern California campus, I've gotten to know a number of "academically marginal" student-athletes who came out of USC with more of an education than they entered with. Even those who left without a degree or a pro sports contract still had gained from the experience of interacting with individuals from different economic and cultural backgrounds.

College isn't for everyone. Neither is success. But because of their athletic ability, these young people have won the chance to see what an academically and socially successful person can attain. Some will be motivated by this exposure, others will not. That is one of the harsh realities of life.

DORNEY M. JAMES
Providence

SERIES REACTIONS Sir

Long live Philly Fever! The picture of the Phillies' Mike Schmidt on the cover of your Oct. 27 issue is just fine. And, to make it even better, you followed your article on the first five games of the World Series with a story on the Eagles-Cowboys showdown. Thanks for so much Philly in SPORTS ILLUSTRATED.

JOEL POSTREGER
Shillington, Pa.

Sir

Even I, a Royals fan, had to appreciate that photograph of the dramatic conclusion of Game 5 by Walter Kohn Jr. It was beautiful. Tag McGraw's determination, Bob Boone's jubilation, Jose Cardenal's despair. The whole stage set by a menacing scorebook. That shot captured the essence of baseball. I'm almost sorry I ripped it into a hundred little pieces.

MIKE PATTERSON
Omaha

RAINDROPS Sir

I enjoyed seeing Sonny Guadagnoli Westphal "swingin' in the rain" on the cover of your Pro Basketball issue (Oct. 26). However, I might add that, according to my atlas, 13 of the 23 NBA cities have more precipitation per year than Seattle's 32-inch average, including Atlanta (49 inches), Boston (38), Chicago (33), Cleveland (32+), Dallas (34), Houston (45), Indianapolis (39), Kansas City (35), New York (42), Philadelphia (41), Phoenix, N.J. (40), Portland (40) and Washington, D.C. (32+). The myth of the Seattle rainfall is enjoyed by each of the 50 or so people per square mile who inhabit the state of Washington.

BONNIE NELSON
Lacey, Wash.

continued



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MUD IN YOUR EYE

Sir,

We read with interest your SCORECARD item (Oct. 6) about the World Mud Football Championships in Hollis Pond, N.Y. and the Olympic Mud Games in North Conway, N.H. Your readers may be interested to know that Dartmouth's Phi Delta Alpha Fraternity is celebrating the Silver Anniversary of the Phi Mud Bowl, an annual contest between brothers and pledges. Phi Mud Bowl is a spectacular variation of rugby, American football and Gaelic football. At this writing the brothers lead in the series 25-0, averaging 21 points per game, and the pledges, perpetual underdogs, have yet to score. Now *that's* a Mud Bowl!

THE BROTHERS OF PHI DELTA ALPHA
Hanover, N.H.

Sir,

Here at the University of Michigan, the Phi Delta Theta vs. Sigma Alpha Epsilon mud football rivalry dates back to 1934. Our Mud-bowl has become synonymous with Homecoming and it may be the oldest and best of college fraternity mud contests. Our field is dug up and watered every day for a week, so that by Homecoming morning the mud is almost knee-deep.

It's also worth noting that Mudbowl founder E. Reed Low, Michigan '37 and a member of Phi Delta Theta, took part in 45 straight games before his death in May.

MARK BENTLEY
Vice-President
Phi Delta Theta
Ann Arbor, Mich.

FOOD FOR FANS

Sir,

While reading Jim Kaplan's VIEWPOINT (Oct. 6), I took note of his plea for an alternative to junk food at baseball parks. In late 1979 the Greater Los Angeles Zoo Association converted one of its regular snack stands into a Nutrition Center that features items for health food devotees, vegetarians, those on a diet for health or weight reasons and those who just want to get away from the usual food found at parks. In short, the Nutrition Center has something for everybody.

To the best of our knowledge, we are the first public attraction anywhere to attempt this, excluding those with restaurants able to offer complete menus. Our Nutrition Center has been an astounding success. We have even received the Creative Cuisine Award from the Los Angeles affiliate of the American Heart Association. And in the beginning we didn't think it would work!

RICHARD J. HERLZOG
Vice-President, Public Service
Greater Los Angeles Zoo Association
Los Angeles

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